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Events of the Week.

THE operations at Verdun overshadow the whole of the war. This is not because there is no other movement of any moment in progress. The Austrian offensive has proceeded methodically, though the most biased observer must admit that there is a perceptible retardation. Still, it is a movement of the first importance, designed to cripple the whole Italian offensive by cutting the main communications behind the Isonzo. The chances of an outstanding success in the near future have been improved by the capture of Arsiero and Asiago. An Austrian advance must limp until Val Lagarina or Val Sugana can be forced or turned. So far they are firmly held, and the best chance of turning either depends upon the capture of the whole of the Asiago plateau. At Verdun it is not only a battle or a campaign that is in question. It may be that the war will be decided there. The events of the week, the renewed attempts to seize the ground abandoned by the French at Dead Man Hill, suggest that the German determination to continue battering at Verdun is absolute. It is a clash of spirit, the Germans hoping to break down the French *moral* by continually inflicting upon the French heavy losses, though these are less than their own. But the fact that the French from time to time make counter-offensives, sustained with magnificent courage and persistence, thereby risking more men than they need, is a sign that they deliberately accept the challenge.

THE struggle before Verdun constitutes the most remarkable campaign in history. No other series of positional battles has at the same time engaged such numbers, been so furious, so prolonged, so wasteful. The present war, which at the outset grew beyond all previous standards, has no parallels or measures for a struggle so intense and so obscure. At times it looks as though the opponents leaped in frenzy at each other's throats, and there are distinct signs that, were the Germans disposed to break off the struggle, the only commander who has come through the whole war is determined that they shall keep on. It is not astonishing in such combat that extraordinary positions should be taken up. But the contour of the French lines west of the Meuse is surely arresting. At the present moment they run over the lower slopes of Hill 304, south of the peak, down the eastern side, dip, and bend southwards to the ravine west of Dead Man Hill, cross the southern slopes of this hill, bend slightly north to the Bethincourt-Cumières road, pass through the Caurettes Wood, and turn slightly south below the village of Cumières. It might seem impossible that neither side should hold Dead Man Hill; but that appears to be the position. The French grip upon Hill 304 is not yet wholly relaxed, and the German attempt to force their way south of Cumières seems to be intended to turn the French position on this commanding height.

THE week opened with the French holding the eastern part of Cumières and part of the north-west of the village. On Sunday two abortive attempts were made by the Germans to advance from the Crows Wood. Two assaults were made upon Hill 304 on Monday without success; but a third advance from the Crows Wood captured part of the French lines north-west of Cumières. On the following day, the 100th of the Verdun struggle, the Germans forced back the French line to below the Bethincourt-Cumières road, but could not dislodge our Ally from the southern outskirts of the latter village. There were numerous attempts to roll back the French line east of Dead Man Hill on Wednesday, and in the fog some detachments of Germans penetrated as far as the station at Chattancourt; but there they were caught by the French fire and annihilated. A heavy attack each side of Cumières at first forced the French back towards Chattancourt; but an immediate counter-attack restored the line to its present position on the southern outskirts of the village.

TOWARDS the close of last week the Austrians forced their lines up to within a few miles of the town of Arsiero. They captured Mount Cimone, and later two of the armored works defending the town, and it became plainly impossible to hold Arsiero any longer. As Arsiero stands at the junction of the Astico and the Posina, along which so fine a defensive had been waged, it is difficult to see how the Italian line can avoid a readjustment up to Mount Pasubio. This position and Coni Zugna hold the Val Lagarina, and hence the advance past Asiago threatens to weaken the resistance in that critical avenue of the road and railway. The enforced evacuation of

Asiago was a slower operation, though Canova was attacked upon Sunday. The new Italian positions seem to be very strong. The Asiago plateau should make a good centre of resistance, and indeed it is necessary that the enemy should be prevented from advancing from it. Established at Asiago, he is but some eight or nine miles from Valstagna on the Brenta, the capture of which would turn the whole of the Val Sugna position.

* * *

EVERYTHING turns upon these two avenues, Val Lagarina and Val Sugna. They are the avenues through which the main road and railways flow, and without them the Austrians have but a precarious hold upon Italian territory. For nearly three weeks the Austrians have hammered at the Italian positions in these valleys, but with little effect. The present Austrian front hangs like a rope between supports in each valley. But the danger of the moment is not so much that the Austrians are within five miles of the Italian plain as that they are only eight or nine miles from turning the position in Val Sugna. We cannot think General Cadorna is blind to this threat; but it must be remembered that the Italians are standing upon a long line with almost every disadvantage a general fears. It is almost impossible to think of the communications behind the Italian line as communications in any modern sense at all.

* * *

THE speech which Mr. Wilson addressed last Saturday at Washington to the League to Enforce Peace may come to rank in history among the few declarations of American Presidents that make an epoch and a turning-point. No President, indeed, has said anything of quite so much moment to the world since the days of Monroe, with whose doctrine in one half of it, it makes a definite breach. The speech meant much to us, for it points to a renewed offer of mediation, and much to all the world, since it gave the programme of a world combination to enforce peace a new standing. But its most revolutionary passages were those in which the American tradition of isolation was finally discarded. Henceforth, the States are a "Great Power" within the European orbit. In an echo of the stoic phrase, Mr. Wilson declared that "what affects mankind is inevitably our affair." This war had "engulfed many a fair province of right that lies very near to us," and affected American rights, liberties, and property. It is the concern of Americans that it should end, and so end as to ensure a permanent peace, and an organization of the world "in which peace and war shall always hereafter be reckoned as part of the common interest of mankind."

* * *

THE lesson of this war, which broke so suddenly, is, argued Mr. Wilson, that the nations of the world must reach some agreement "as to some feasible method of acting in concert, when any nation or group of nations seeks to disturb the things fundamental to their common existence." There must be an end of the setting up of alliance against alliance, and instead the banding of nations together to enforce right against selfish aggression. These "fundamental things" include (1) the right of every people to choose under what sovereignty it will live, (2) the moral equality of small States with great, and (3) freedom from lawless aggression. At the settlement, the United States, with its mind set only at peace and its future guarantees, will urge the creation of a "universal association of nations" to maintain inviolate the highway of the seas, and "to prevent any war begun either contrary to treaty covenants or without warning and full submission of the cause to the opinion of the world." It is clear that

Mr. Wilson means by this the exercise by the States of much more than a moral authority to guarantee the future peace of the world. He said that the world is on the eve of the creation of a "common force" to safeguard right. As we argue elsewhere, we believe that this speech opens to Europe and to us the first clear prospect of hope, since this war began, and the welcome which men here gave to it in their private minds was cordial and grateful.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL is doing the country good service in keeping its attention fixed upon the use that is being made of the soldiers. The Military Service Acts turned largely upon this point; and victory depends on it. Lord Kitchener answered a criticism of Mr. Churchill's by stating that according to the "regulations" officers' servants and grooms serve in the trenches. This was whittled down by Mr. Tennant to mean that it is at the discretion of the commanding officer whether the men serve in the line or not. As Mr. Churchill was referring to a number of men equal to about two-thirds of the size of the German casualties at Verdun we cannot be satisfied with so easy a shelving of a grave question. Mr. Churchill pressed his criticisms further in the House on Wednesday. He put the question in this way: Half of the Army is at home and half abroad. Of the Army abroad, half fights and half does not; and of the half which fights but three-quarters is infantry. Hence it takes sixteen recruits to put three infantrymen in the line!

* * *

THERE is no exaggeration about these figures. Indeed, it is much to be hoped that a constant supply of three infantrymen to every sixteen recruits is really available. It is more probable that with sickness and breakdowns caused by loose discipline and the overworking of the small proportion of infantry who actually face the enemy, we have an appreciably smaller number. Mr. Churchill's suggestion that able-bodied men (and especially young men) employed on subsidiary services should take their turn at the front in place of the men who are constantly sent back after healed wounds is well worth attention. The obvious objections are a mere question of administration, and the same is true of the broader question of the number of men allotted to the non-fighting services. This requires immediate investigation. The present proportion of combatant to non-combatant ranks seems to have been founded upon our South African experience—i.e., that of a highly mobile force. In this respect now we are fighting under almost ideal conditions, and we have every opportunity for thoroughly reorganizing the subsidiary services and getting the highest ratio of rifles to our full ration strength.

* * *

EITHER the War Office is playing with Parliament, or else it is unable itself to control its subordinates. The assurances given not only by Mr. Tennant but by Lord Kitchener, that Conscientious Objectors are not to be sent to the front, but handed over to the civil authorities, apparently meant nothing at all. The seventeen men who refuse to obey all military orders are still in France, two in hospital, and the rest undergoing punishment. In spite of all that has been said in the House, there is evidently no intention to bring them home, still less of transferring them to civil custody. These men have consistently refused to carry out orders since they were conscripted, and have been through all the prescribed ordeals of irons, dark cells, and bread-and-water. Half of them are Quakers. Even Mr. Tennant

could not affect to question their sincerity. Worse than this, however, a further batch of objectors, who refused all orders, is admittedly being sent to France. The only conceivable motive is that the greater severity of field-punishments may facilitate the process of breaking their wills by breaking their bodies. The victims in France are now cut off from all postal communication with their relatives at home. Meanwhile, we observe that Mr. Samuel, in reply to Mr. Holt's statement that his own earlier views on freedom were being made the subject of persecution, said that an organization merely enabling objectors to "state their case"—i.e., to defend themselves against a new and difficult law—was "open to grave objection." Does such language come well from a Jew, to say nothing of a Liberal?

* * *

ONE method commonly in use, both at home and at the front, in this "breaking" process, is "crucifixion"—the fixing of a man's hands in irons above his head for 40 or 60 minutes. Mr. Tennant promised inquiry into the use of this torture, and also into the more common forms of bullying, the pommelling with fists of men who refuse orders by soldiers and non-commissioned officers. His "inquiries" have so far had no result, and his whole conduct of this matter suggests that no real effort whatever is made to give effect to the facile assurances lightly dropped at question-time. An army in which physical brutalities become a tolerated practice has already succumbed to the Prussian tradition.

* * *

AN urgent appeal by Mr. Lloyd George to the engineers and shipbuilding workmen to forego their Whitsuntide holiday has been handsomely met, and the Government have now abolished the Whit Monday festival, postponing the rest till Tuesday, August 8th. Mr. George's plea was that the Easter holiday had been stretched from two or three days to a week, and, in consequence, a fortnight's output of munitions had been cut down by one half. The country always answers these appeals, always rises to an emergency, but we must appeal to its governors not to overtax it. The Ministry of Munitions has now been organized for many months, and ought, we think, to be in a position to meet even sudden demands by relying on its regular means of production. If so much is to be asked of the country, it must know more. These sudden whippings of its energies reduce confidence without adding to the real worth of its efforts.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the American Exchange Loan of last autumn was too long postponed and therefore cost us more than it need have done, our exchanges with America have been very well maintained for some months, with the aid of the funds then raised and a constant sale of the American securities held in this country. The importance of this branch of the Treasury's war work is not always fully appreciated, nor is it understood by the foolish journalists who gibe at the American Government how much the Allies owe to the friendly, though profitable, co-operation of American bankers, manufacturers, and merchants. If we could not maintain the exchanges, we could not support our Allies with American food and munitions. We are doing it mainly by selling the accumulated capital and savings of the past, which have been invested so largely in American securities. As the voluntary sales to the Treasury have fallen off, Mr. McKenna has now applied a financial inducement in the shape of an extra income-tax of 2s. on the

interest derived from American securities. A list of seven or eight hundred securities which the Treasury is ready to purchase or to borrow has now been issued broadcast, and patriotic holders are urged to sell them to any banker or stockbroker. The prices offered by the Treasury are so high that the holder can combine patriotism with interest, certainly in regard to bonds and preference shares.

* * *

THE administration of the Munitions Acts has been forced into the background recently by other matters; but there is need that public criticism should still keep an eye on its sins of commission and omission. It will be remembered that under the Amending Act the Ministry of Munitions took power to fix rates of wages for all classes of women munition workers who might be brought under Section 7 of the Act. An Arbitration Tribunal, specially appointed for the purpose, has since been at work fixing rates for women in certain establishments. Its work, however, is both slow and unsatisfactory. The £1 a week conceded in Circular L2 to women engaged on men's work hampers it in granting fair rates, and the tribunal constantly shows a tendency to treat the £1 a week as a standard beyond which it cannot go far. Almost the only case in which 5d. an hour has been granted is that of the powder-workers, and this is because their work exposes them to special dangers. That is not the way to redeem the promise Mr. Lloyd George made last July that women on war work should receive "a fair wage and a fixed minimum." Moreover, the £1 a week for women on men's work was fixed last October, and since then the cost of living has risen enormously; a pound a week in October, 1915, is only worth 16s. to-day. What is needed, and needed urgently if discontent is to be allayed, is a fixed minimum for all women on war work, and this minimum cannot be less than 5d. an hour if it is to be more than a sweated rate.

* * *

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, who set out towards the end of the year 1914 to cross the Antarctic Continent from Weddell Sea to Ross Sea, has arrived this week at the Falkland Islands without accomplishing his task, but after adventures as thrilling as any that it implied. It is over two months since the news that the "Aurora," which was to have met Sir Ernest at Ross Sea, had gone adrift in the Antarctic Ocean, came to hand, and focussed attention on the plight of the explorer. It was, in fact, far worse. From the first the expedition met with misfortune. The "Endurance" was early caught in pack ice, and for months drifted across Weddell Sea immovably fixed in the pack. In August, the vessel was lifted bodily out of the ice, and flung before the gale against masses of up-driven ice. Towards the end of October the expedition had to leave the "Endurance," which sank in November. After several months of adventure they took to the boats, and ran for Elephant Island, but as several members of the party were on the verge of collapse, Sir Ernest, with five volunteers, set out in a 22 ft. boat for South Georgia Island, 750 miles distant, for help. They reached the island in sixteen days, crossed it for the first time known, and thence sailed for the Falklands after several attempts had been made in vain to rescue the twenty-two men on Elephant Island. A Committee of the Admiralty is now considering this question. The expedition, according to the telegram published in the "Daily Chronicle," has discovered 200 miles of new coast line, eliminated New South Greenland from the map, and made a complete hydrographical survey of the Weddell Sea.

Politics and Affairs.

IF AMERICA BACKS THE BILL:

It is unfortunate that some British critics of Mr. Wilson's speech on the future peace of the world have mis-stated its meaning, for it is an utterance of the utmost consequence, and of the most direct bearing on the issue of the war. It has been suggested that the President is a cold rationalist, indifferent to the causes of the war and to the great clash of good and evil, might and right, that it seems to us to signify. To a statesman in such a mood, it is suggested, no country with a firm belief in the righteousness of her aims and polity will ever submit her quarrel. This is, in the first place, a singularly ungracious rejoinder to the services which America has rendered to the cause of civilization in peace and in war, so far as that cause is represented in the policy of the Allies. There have been at least three points of the conflict at which America has been urged by Germany to deal a fatal blow at our naval power, and has resisted that pressure. She was asked to put an embargo on munitions. She was invited to enforce the Declaration of London. And she might have given Germany a free hand for her submarine warfare, having first secured complete immunity for a selected number of American ships. There has not been wanting powerful American support for these proposals. Mr. Wilson has resisted them all.

But the criticism of the "Times" is not only ungrateful. It is a vital misunderstanding of the President's address to the League to Enforce Peace. What was its occasion? The formation of the League is a capital fact in American politics. The League is a great organization, to which both parties and some of their ablest leaders have adhered. Its main object, as expounded by Dr. Marburg in *THE NATION*, is the simple one of setting up something like an International Parliament or Court of Justice, armed with the power to enforce, not indeed the settlement, but the hearing of international disputes. This aim dissociates it from actual interference with the war, for its scheme can only come into operation after peace has been signed. The League proposes to guarantee that peace; not to bring it about by arms or by direct mediation. It is clear that to such a body the President could not address an examination of the causes of the war, still less a polemic upon it. He could hardly even commend to his hearers a direct mediatory act. That may come, though not, we imagine, without formal or informal knowledge that the belligerents desire it. If we think and hope that Mr. Wilson may proffer such action, and that it may succeed, we cannot at the same time call on him to pronounce formally in our favor in the diplomatic quarrel with Germany. But if his immediate proposal of an American guarantee of peace fructifies, the States will clearly come in as the head and spokesman of the neutral nations. Is that a small matter? Had Germany refused the American terms on submarines, they would by this time have appeared as belligerents.

As she has granted them in substance, or appears to have granted them, the President has in our view offered us a service only less vital than that of his country's appearance in shining armor on the actual field of battle.

And this for a simple reason. Mr. Wilson does not in form propose that America should herself negotiate the treaty of peace. But he suggests that she should stand behind it as a guarantor of the "principle of public right." The phrase is Gladstone's. Mr. Asquith has taken it over as a statement of our capital object in the war, and it is almost identical with Sir Edward Grey's plea of "respect for the public law of the world." The war is not a war for territory. It is not a war of dynasties. It is essentially a war of security. But its settlement is impeded by disbelief in our enemies' good faith. So long as the maintenance of the treaty depends on Germany's adherence to "scraps of paper," we do not feel that the rights of small peoples, such as Belgium, are safe, even if she formally restores them. Here is the origin of the school for "crushing Germany." It feels that she will never be quiet till she is down, and that therefore the peace must be as pitiless as the war must be prolonged. But we get an entirely new way to our objective when we see a gigantic Power like the States, with Southern America and a body of European neutrals in its train, coming in and offering to back the bill. America, says President Wilson, believes in the right of nations to choose their sovereignty, in the equal right of freedom for small and great peoples, and in the world's right to be free of "aggressive" disturbers of its peace. "Good," we say, "but how much do you believe all this?" "We believe this," replies Mr. Wilson, in effect, "to the last rifle in our armories and the last dollar in our treasuries." When the belligerents have settled terms, America will, he thinks, be prepared to guarantee them. It will join in with "a universal association of nations" (a) to maintain the "security of the highway of the seas" for common use, and (b) to prevent wars against treaty covenants, and entered on without statement of their cause.

Is not that a fair offer? Does it not in effect yield the promise and potency of a just end of the war, the end we profess, desire, and promote? If America backs her President, she will associate herself with an international settlement of the Europe that will arise after the war. We may therefore assume that that settlement will be a just one, and that it will include, for example, the restoration of Belgium and the other small nations overrun by the German armies, for America could not propose to carry out an international arrangement which she considered to be essentially unjust. Public opinion here is naturally disposed to halt at the phrase "security of the highway of the seas." It would, we admit, be dangerous to revise the code of sea-warfare and leave that of land-war untouched. If the submarine vanished, so would the cruiser and the destroyer; and we might witness the effacement of the power that has nullified Germany's land victories, and cut the threads of her maritime ambition. But the essence of the American proposal is that of world-intervention against just such mixed land and sea war—forced on without warning or submission of a case—as we think Germany initiated. If

Europe had known what was before it, says Mr. Wilson, she "would have been glad to substitute conference for force."

This was our contention, and substantially there is no other. In the field of justice we appealed for a stay of judgment through the assembling of a European Conference, just as in the field of settlement our statesmen have called for security. We are not pedantic; there may be some territorial readjustments in Europe and out of Europe, arranged, we hope, on the theory of compensations and of respect for the rights and desires of genuinely oppressed or aggrieved nationalities. The fighting that may still come will settle the general balance and complexion of these arrangements. But they are not in the centre of the quarrel. Modern society is industrial; it is fatally wounded by war; and its view of peace is an insurance against the mood in which, almost before the ink on the treaty is dry, each party to it will begin scrapping its war material and building more. We might just hope to arrive at such a peace after some more years or months of slaughter. It is a frightful expedient. Europe offers its youth as Agamemnon offered his Iphigenia. The atonement may be vain; is it necessary? America offers at least a gentler dispensation. She will give us what we want without the bloodshed and the exacerbation. It seems to us that we can finally reject her tender only if we regard it as a proposal of rhetoric, and think that America does not stand behind the President, or if we are convinced that our victory over Germany is so certain, and will be so sweeping, as to enable us to inaugurate a definite reign of European peace on her substantial ruin and lasting subordination.

"A DISENTANGLING ALLIANCE."

WE have argued the bearing of Mr. Wilson's speech on the war and the policy of the Allies. But there is another point of importance; what will America think of it? Now that such Republican leaders as ex-President Taft and Mr. Root have definitely taken their stand in favor of international guarantees for peace, while Mr. Wilson more cautiously but quite definitely throws his great influence with the Democratic Party on the same side, and Mr. Roosevelt has long since pledged his "Bull Moose" followers to clubbing the world into righteousness, it might seem that America was certainly committed to an abandonment of her past policy of isolation. But though the membership of the League to Enforce Peace contains many of the "best names" in America—statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, business men, philanthropists—those best acquainted with the composite character of the United States and its politics recognize that the issue is still in a measure open. There is a great weight of sentimental conservatism in support of the traditional policy of aloofness from European politics, to which Washington and James Monroe set the seal of their authority. This strong prejudice against European entanglements is still rife, not only among "the common people," but in educated circles. In an interesting article appearing in the latest issue of "The New Republic," Lord Bryce makes a reasoned appeal in favor of the international view. The policy of isolation, he points out, was rooted in circumstances which have either disappeared or been profoundly modified. Modern communications have virtually cancelled the geographical remoteness, once the chief basis of security. Quick transport not merely brings closer intercourse with other nations, but, taken in conjunction with the modern science of war, removes the immunity from serious

aggression which America once enjoyed. A small nation of a few millions, with a vast, and as yet unexplored, continent to people and develop, desired neither to interfere nor to be interfered with by outsiders.

Things are greatly changed. The continent is now peopled and developed, great and growing commerce is pushing into foreign markets, American capital and enterprise are ripe for employment not only in Spanish America, but in China and other backward countries. The trading and financial interests of Americans must continually and rapidly increase their stake in the prosperity and peace of other countries. Finally, this war has been a striking revelation to thoughtful Americans alike of their new risks and their new obligations. It has shown that the famous apophthegm, *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*, is of national as well as individual application. Neutrality, as the expression of the old American isolation, has proved a failure. It has not brought immunity from injury, and as a national attitude it has been neither secure nor dignified. Moreover, among the great majority of well-meaning people it has been felt as an unreality, almost a hypocrisy. This is only another way of saying that good Americans have come to realize that America, by virtue of her size, strength, and wealth, has new obligations to play her part in the wider work of civilization. To this view her statesmen have recently committed their country, with its enthusiastic assent.

But weighty, and we believe conclusive, as these considerations appear, the United States will not easily be brought into a League of Nations. The new policy of Armed Preparedness, which is the concrete outcome of the war in its exposure of "neutrality," does not mean that America is preparing to take her place with other nations to guarantee world-peace. It means, at any rate in its first intention, that America realizes she is living in a dangerous world, and that she is determined to protect herself. The country will not at once be induced to commit itself to the larger view of its interests and obligations which is now manifest to its more enlightened leaders. The first obstacle to political advance is the politician. For the politician is commonly disposed to believe in selfish appeals to narrower interests as "better politics." "America strong for independent self-defence" is his interpretation of preparedness. A huge navy, a large military force, with big lucrative contracts and the political pull which the business of preparedness will bring, have strong attractions for the machine politician and the influential business men with whom he consorts. This larger interpretation of preparedness makes in favor of the purely national defence, as against the wider league of nations. It has powerful support in the jealous regard which Congress would be likely to display towards any attempt to control any of its important functions. The effect, for instance, of America entering a League to Enforce Peace, would be to remove from Congress the decision to make war in cases where the League was compelled to take action, and to vest that power formally in the President, as chief executor. Would Congress easily assent to such a loss of control, and would the Senate in particular be induced to ratify the Treaty which would convey to an International Tribunal so much of the control of foreign policy which has hitherto lain within its own province? To surmount these distinctively political barriers will need a greater enthusiasm of popular demand. We believe it will be forthcoming. But we must remember that the state of mind of the ordinary American people, especially the sections removed from the Eastern seaboard and its press, is the prey of conflicting and somewhat confused feelings and ideas. The

basic attitude is one of pacifism, as, for example, is shown by the remarkable vote recently recorded by the Republican provinces of four middle States in favor of Mr. Ford.

Great campaigns of education are afoot, and the party Conventions now to be held in Chicago will doubtless throw light upon the outcome of the new appeal. Resistance to any considered policy of armed preparedness may be dismissed as impracticable, and as the issue clarifies under discussion, the alternative policies of national isolation or frank internationalism will present themselves. Though the former may seem to have the stronger initial appeal to tradition and patriotism, considerations that ought to be of decisive influence should make the wider view prevail. For, to supplement the great moral appeal for service to the cause of civilization, comes in the moderating voice of common sense, which generally brings rhetorical formulas to some practical test. The people of the United States want security, primarily a national security. Can they get it by a purely national policy of Preparedness? Are they willing and able to maintain and develop naval and military forces adequate to secure them against all possible combinations in the kaleidoscope of so dangerous a world as that in which we live? They might not think themselves in a much better case were they to negotiate a special alliance, as has in some quarters been suggested, with this country and France, or even with the larger body of our alliance. They would fear a restricted internationalism, as likely to plunge them into the great vortex of conflicting alliances in preparation for another war. If American preparedness is to be kept within such moderate compass as most Americans desire, neither isolation nor a partizan alliance will probably satisfy this demand. Reasonable security, with the moderate preparedness that corresponds, can only be got by entering and helping to constitute the wider Association of Nations to which all the great Powers shall be parties. This alone will fulfil the requirement which Mr. Wilson lays down in his latest speech of "a disentangling alliance—one that will free the nation."

PEACE BY THE MAP.

COMMENT on the interview given last week by the German Chancellor to the "New York World" seems to have been generally restricted to its provocative and challenging points. In a Germanic survey of British foreign policy from Fashoda onwards it is natural that they should be many. But it may be useful to suggest another reading, which gives a measure of the war situation that we may turn to our profit. We must take the "war situation as every war-map shows it," said the German Chancellor. Let us take it.

To any German cognizant of the facts, the war-map must indeed present in three directions a comforting appearance. Eastward the Germanic borders have been pushed outwards to a line drawn from the Gulf of Riga through Eastern Galicia and Bukovina to Rumania. They include the whole of Russian Poland and a great tract of Russia proper. They cover rich mineral areas, thriving manufacturing towns, historic fortresses. They constitute a line that can be far more easily held than the old frontiers of Germany, and they exclude only a narrow fringe of Austrian territory. South-east they have been pushed out to the borders of Turkey, and include the whole of Serbia and Montenegro, which were thorns in the side of Germany's ally. They have opened the door to the dreams which most stimulated the German imagination. They allow German officers and

diplomats to journey from Berlin to Baghdad across country which is everywhere under direct German influence. Southward, they have recently been pushed to within a few miles from the Italian plain. To the south-west they have been pressed forward to include almost the whole of Belgium and some of the richest mineral-producing and manufacturing country of France.

So far with a carefully careless eye a German might persuade himself that his empire is at length supreme in Europe, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, with windows looking over the golden lands of Irak and the storied ruins of Nineveh. The war-map thus far is wholly consoling and comforting to the German imagination. But the well-informed German would be compelled to see more than this. He would see that the German outlet on the Persian Gulf is blocked by three hundred miles of British territory which include the immensely rich country of the Tigris and Euphrates basin up to Kut. He would see Russia in possession of Armenia and of a strip of country east of the Baghdad railway up to the British frontiers near Kut. He would see German influence completely shut off from Persia and the whole of the East. He would look in vain for the German flag east of this line. He would be unable to find even a coaling or wireless station in the Pacific.

Looking out beyond the southern German borders in Europe to the dark continent wherein he made so bold a bid for Empire, he would discover only one place where his race and flag could maintain even a precarious footing. In the interior of German East Africa, straitly shut off from all help, he would see the one remaining German colony an *enclave* in the country now occupied by the British. German South-West Africa he would find under the British flag. In Cameroon he would see the fruits of his crude stroke at Agadir completely wiped out. He would have to envisage a Germany without a Colonial system at all. He might scan the broad seas in vain for a glimpse of the German flag. He would observe his coasts as silent and idle as though they were the heart of the desert. He would find the German merchant service either in Allied or neutral ports or huddled close in the home dockyards. He would find the North Sea a *mare clausum*, with the German navy free to move only in the narrow strip of water about the silent coast, or in the North Sea when the British naval patrols happened to have passed. He would see, in fine, the whole of this greater Germany as completely severed from the commerce of the world as though it were the Central Sudan.

Such is the war-map which is commended to statesmen as a measure of the war situation, and it must stimulate certain reflections in anyone who considers it. At the outset we must feel that it is a map wholly intolerable to German ambitions. When the warm Teutonic imagination drew maps of the Germany of its dreams before the war, they were conceived on far different lines. The whole world was to lie open to citizens of a huge empire. Her flag was to be found on all the seas, and in every land quarter of the world. It was not the "little" constricted Germany of the war map, and we may well conceive the German Chancellor as feeling that such a state of things must be ended. But we must also imagine him turning to the other side of the medal. He knows, for example, that Russia and France cannot be content to see great spaces of their territory in German hands. Or take our own case. We who constitute ourselves protectors of the small States find it intolerable that Serbia, Montenegro, and Belgium should be overrun by the enemy. It seems reasonable to conclude that the German Chancellor is, in a word, suggesting that he holds something important to us,

while we hold much that is important to him, and that we might do worse than negotiate an exchange.

To read his speech otherwise is to conceive him as a mere blunderer, persuaded of the existence of a war-weariness among the Allies that does not in fact exist. We must take him to mean the whole of the war map, and not merely the convenient parts of it, though he may intentionally have used language that could easily be misunderstood by the German fire-eaters. And if we examine what we may call the moral contents of the map, and all the widespread distress in Germany and Austria, the shrinkage of materials necessary even for the conduct of the war; if we compare such a state with that of the countries of the Allies, we can hardly expect the Chancellor to betake himself too openly to sackcloth and ashes. But for our part, though many standards of success are proposed by the individual imagination, we can hardly wish for a better than the war-map as it stands to-day. Granted that it discloses a Germany generally victorious on land in Europe; it also shows the Allies everywhere victorious on sea, and holding far more conquered territory, in all, than the enemy.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

WERE we ever a quick-minded people; or do all nations lose their political sense in time of war? Here is a great and friendly country, able to determine the issue that has us all by the throat. Against America we *cannot* win the war. Without America (*i.e.*, with a coldly and rigidly neutral America) we can hardly win it. With America we cannot help winning it. This Power (having done us and humanity substantial service at critical points of the conflict) now, in the person of her President, offers to associate herself with the international settlement that Sir Edward Grey has defined as the thing he wishes to get out of the war. And we treat the advance as an unwarranted intrusion on our blissful enterprise, and the "Times," which is certainly an organ of intelligence, with a proprietor who knows the States, plainly plumes itself on its politeness in refraining from saying all it thinks about the Curious Impertinent who makes it. How can this but confirm the impression that more than one important American has carried away from our shores—that we are the real obstacle to peace? I am sure the Government does not think in this fashion about the President's tender. I don't imagine the British people (so far as it is thinking at all) thinks so either. I don't suppose the "Times" will be thinking so a few weeks or months later on. But this is how a critical event finds us out. We discover its significance when the Time-current has carried it past our feet.

As for the country its mood is steadfast. But all recent observers of it agree that it has undergone a signal change since Conscription. The harshness, abruptness, inconsiderateness of the Act and its administration have told their tale. The members of Parliament who fought it have no fear now of their constituencies; quite the contrary. Ruin spreads among the tradespeople; men find themselves faced with penury at a few weeks' notice. This brings the war home far more than the calculated effect of a regular system of Conscription built up in years of peace and applied to home defence only. After all, this is a foreign war. Distant, desert lands, thousands of miles from England—whose very names

are unknown to our simple unlearned people—are some of its theatres. Is it wonderful that when force comes in—in the cases of conscience harsh and blundering force—an idealism so hard to sustain flies away? We all warned the Government of this effect; and it has come.

THE group of members who fought the Conscription Bill held a very cheerful dinner the other night at Mr. Leif Jones's invitation, and generally, I think, agreed that their fight had tightened the sympathies and public objects that brought them together. They will not, I think, dissolve now that the fight (or the first round of it) is over, but rather seek some further strengthening bonds and definite means of association. All feel that they have work to do—and that liberty, Free Trade, peace, the maintenance of the Liberal and democratic principle and spirit—will give them plenty of calls to action. They include some of the ablest men in the House of Commons; they know its forms; they have faith as well as knowledge; and they have even a larger nucleus than most fighting parties want. They will not let freedom go down before a dozen Coalitions; they will not see the country ruled by soldiers; they will not have conscription after the war; and they do not believe in a war-without-end. They mean, in a word, to be reckoned with.

MR. RUNCIMAN's temporary breakdown is a great blow to the public service. No Minister has trained so rapidly into first-rate excellence, or done so much solid work, with expedition, knowledge, zeal, and no touch of flashiness. He saved us from a meat famine and a flour famine; and, as the last of half-a-dozen first-class exploits in administration, reorganized and greatly cheapened the British coal supply for France. How he did it all I do not know. His rest will, I hope, quickly restore so valuable a servant, whose credit with the public is nothing like what it is with those who know his substantial worth as well as his remarkable brilliancy. In his absence the Economic Conference at Paris slips into the hands of two red-hot Protectionists, Mr. Law and the world-sustaining Mr. Hughes. With them Mr. Harcourt. But frankly I don't see Mr. Harcourt standing by his Free Trade faith.

I HAVE to mourn an old friend in Señor Perez Triana. He was a variously gifted man. He did many things that were worth doing, combining them in a life of brilliant variety and extreme contradictions. He was a jurist and pacifist, who left a quite distinct mark on the Hague Conferences, and he was a leader in a South American rebellion. He wrote English almost as well as his native Spanish; he had spent one part of his life in South American travel and exploration, another in diplomacy and politics. Man of the world and idealist, his experience seemed to contradict his essential simplicity and personal gentleness, and also to adorn them. He was a fascinating person; given to charming hospitalities in his London home, with Spanish forms and dishes to grace them—a touch of unfamiliarity to the natives who were privileged to share them.

HERE is one of the many accounts that reach me of the treatment of conscientious objectors in the Army—this time of one who did not stand the fire:—

"This letter will no doubt cause you and all friends the greatest disappointment, for I have been forced to give in. I did so knowing I was doing wrong, but my physical body would not stand the treatment. This morning I refused to go on parade. I was fetched by a corporal, who rapped my hands, in which was my Bible, with his stick. He put on my clothes and punched me, &c. I did nothing on parade, so was taken to a quiet

spot along with a sergeant and a corporal. There I had the roughest time you can imagine. I refused to march or turn, and I was punched and slapped on the face till I was nearly fainting. I was so treated that I was absolutely done. I could do no other than what I have done. I know I am absolutely wrong. I don't know what you will think of me. . . . Now everyone, N.C.O.'s and officers, are treating me like a lord, asking if they can do anything, &c. . . . If any others of our chaps come down here, tell them it will need all their strength of body and mind to resist it. I went as far as I could. . . ."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"THE PROPHETIC SOUL."

THAT excellent display of portrait-drawings by Mr. William Rothenstein in the Leicester Galleries does not include all our contemporary brains. Fortunately for our country, she has other brains besides. In spite of the war, for instance, there is here hardly anyone distinctively military; neither the Archbishop of Canterbury nor the Bishop of London; only one General, Sir Ian Hamilton (and he seems to have come in rather for his literary power), and only one other officer, Colonel Repington, who is also a writer. There are, we think, no politicians, no lawyers, no natural scientists, only one theologian—the late Stopford Brooke (who is best known as a critic)—and only one historian—Dr. H. A. L. Fisher (who is a writer, too). So that evidently the show does not represent the brains of the kingdom, nor does it pretend to. There are only fifty-six drawings; about six are repetitions of the same persons, three are French, two Belgian, one Indian, and, fortunately for our country, as we said, she can go many better than forty-four.

Far the majority of the forty-four are writers of one kind or another. Only four "artists" come in—Augustus John, looking rather less like a brooding eagle than is his wont; Cobden Sanderson, the craftsman, whose features and very clothes the artist has cleverly transfigured into the Quixotic aspect and shining armor of a medieval knight; Gordon Craig, who has transformed the European stage and been plundered by an enterprising German of his due; and Ambrose McEvoy. Nearly all the rest are people known, if at all, for their writings only. Now, it is quite true that the soul of an age cannot be judged from the writers alone. Many centuries have produced no writers to speak of. For a thousand years after the Antonine Age we can think of no writer known except to special students. Yet one must suppose that each century and each generation had a character or soul of its own; otherwise we should not be able to date its architecture within a few years by the mere look of it. The more we learn of the Dark Ages, the more certainly we know that their darkness was not unusually profound, but that their spirit expressed itself in stones rather than words. It was only when people lost the art of building and took to writing instead that, in mere self-conceit, they talked of their fathers' darkness and proclaimed their own enlightenment.

Since then the unfortunate habit has persisted. When we mention the Elizabethan Age, we probably think first of Shakespeare and his fellows; the Age of Anne usually means Pope, Addison, and Swift; the Victorian Age calls up Dickens and Thackeray and Tennyson. We think the habit unfortunate, because many good writers have little share in the surrounding world. Many have lived isolated, inactive, irrespon-

sible, in pretty homes at Twickenham, Rydal, Freshwater, Putney, Kensington, or St. John's Wood—an invalid kind of life, carefully tended by female relations or other friends, devoted to "their art," and acquiring consummate skill in saying things, if only they had something to say. They have neglected Goethe's advice, "To plunge the hand deep into common life," and in the sheltered vanity of leisurely sequestration, genius has labored upon "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" and "Idylls of the King." But there it is. For a few generations past most people have agreed to seek "The Time-spirit" (a German phrase, we regret to say!) among writers, even if they are nothing but writers, and, while entering a protest against so false a limitation, we must take things as they are.

Let us drop titles and polite prefixes owing to the fame of the people concerned, and the present cost of paper. Glancing round the little room, we at once recognize many heads of remarkable distinction. We take the poets first, for someone has said that poetry is the best way of saying things, and certainly it is the only way of saying some things, besides being usually the shortest. There is Yeats, in whom an old Irishman said the sea-cliffs of Ireland have found their voice—the singer of the "Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World," the entranced and entrancing captive of the Sidhe upon some moorland rath. There is that strange instance of a double personality in perfect union—George Russell, the Irish agricultural organizer, and "A. E.," the poet and artist of Irish visions. There is Bridges, poet laureate, resolutely aloof, resolutely indifferent to the crowd; "Now and then he rises," the Roman critic said of Horace. There is A. E. Housman, known to Cambridge as editor of an obscure classic, known to the world as poet of one slim volume of perfect verse on one persistent mood. There is Newbolt, with tight lips and birdlike face, ready, like Sophocles, to write poetry or command a fleet. There is Binyon, with large grey eyes, rather sad, because he had not then put on the active uniform. There is Davies, looking bravely and joyfully out upon a world that treated him so harshly. There is the simple-hearted, solemn meditation of Tagore; but he is the Indian.

And, if we would detect the Time-Spirit in our poets, what a number we must add! Masfield, the learned, sensitive, and exquisitely sympathetic Jack Tar; Kipling, the uncrowned laureate of genius and mediocrity; Doughty, the contemptuously obscure, whom all admire, and only one man ever read; Abercrombie, Drinkwater, Hodgson, of "The Bull," Gibson of "Battle," many more whose names are written in the Georgian book; and Flecker and Rupert Brooke among those whom the gods have loved.

Then come the imaginative writers in prose; Thomas Hardy (also a poet, to be sure), sadly, ironically, humorously beholding the men and women who cross the lonely heaths of life among the tumuli of the dead, and the gigantic monuments of obsolete religion; Conrad (not English, it is true), powerful, resolute in his look, something of "The Heart of Darkness"; Henry James, the "hippopotamus picking up a pea" (if one may use the controverted phrase again), and looking the part, too; Galsworthy, shy and warm-hearted, discovering human misery rather late in life, and rather overwhelmed by it, rather paralyzed by his sympathy. Those are all the "novelists" among the portraits, and to complete even a decent list we should have to add many more novelists than poets: Conan Doyle, whose penny puzzles cheer the Russian soldiers in defeat; Barrie and Quiller Couch, the humorists in the

local and the little; Compton Mackenzie, romantic photographer of green-rooms and colleges. But if we continued the list even of the best, this column would hardly contain their names.

So we reach the prophets, among whom the Time-spirit ought most easily to be detected. For though they may write in dramas or novels, they remain essayists, pamphleteers, prophets all the same. Here stands Bernard Shaw, bristling, alert, the penetrating eyes not closed, the eager brain galloping hell for leather, the tactics always arranged for the offensive, no reserves, no back to the head. Here sits H. G. Wells, solid, implacable, energetic as a propeller, contemplating like a bull the china shops of our universities and country estates. And there moves Edward Carpenter, of more poetic eye, more capable of beauty, quieter and more benign in wisdom, but, with ironic reasonableness always fighting still for the kingdom that is within us against the encroachments of a vulgarized and unreasoning State. Among the prophets we suppose one must also class W. H. Hudson, the fugitive and exquisite lover of the wild world, and Max Beerbohm, the deathly caricaturist, the sturdy survivor of a delicately languid pose. One can only wish that the artist had caught Samuel Butler among the prophets before that elusive spirit eluded the world. What a study in that satyr face of irony, pity, defiance, courtesy, love of beauty, and destruction!

In looking at the items, we have hardly left room for the added total. But what is the upshot of it all? Is it possible to detect some trace of a common Time-spirit among minds so various in distinction? The great ages of our literature have been the Elizabethan, the Queen Anne, the Byronic, and the mid-Victorian. In each we recognize a distinguishing character, though it is difficult to describe. But for our own great age, by what is it marked in comparison, let us say, with the Victorian, still familiar to many of us, at all events by tradition? That was an age of extraordinary genius—of genius developed to a high degree in more directions than at any other time in our history. It was also a time of rapid mental change and violent upheaval. A new actual world and a new conception of the whole universe were forming from year to year. But in nearly all the best poets and writers of the time—in Browning, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, in Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, and William Morris—there sounds a tone of protest against the change. We feel in them a pathetic yearning over beliefs fast crumbling away, a passionate clinging to an old world whose beauty was vanishing like a dream. And, above all, we feel a tender reverence for the past, a recognition of its service to beauty, and a gentle consideration for any who still continued dwelling in its hallowed beliefs.

In our prophets of to-day we perceive no such things. Like the knowledge spoken of by the Victorian poet, they set their forward countenance, and leap into the future chance. In them we see the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming, not on the past, but on things to come. They are happy destroyers, revolutionists, reformers. With eyes fixed on the future, they proclaim "The Exodus from Houndsditch"—the exodus from churches, libraries, museums, art-galleries, universities, country houses, and medieval trumpery. "Nothing twice" might be their motto, and, like the Futurists, they might have taken a vow to spit daily on the altar of Art, and of all ancient knowledge and sentiments as well. What is the good of preserving the Cloth Hall at Ypres when linen is not sold by the ell? What is the good of patching up Reims when Bernard Shaw's preface to "Androcles" no longer horrifies and alarms?

THE CHANGING AUREOLE.

Those who have observed the singular fashions which seem to have prevailed across the centuries in the popularity of many of the saints with the multitude of believers must often have felt that the favor of the crowd follows these celestial patrons at some times with a fickleness, and at others with an obstinacy, not unlike that which marks, in a different sphere, the affection felt by his followers for some great politician of the day.

It is well that there can be no jealousy in the heavenly places, or the older saints must often have felt some twinge of bitterness as they saw their accustomed honors given over to strangers. Yet was there no tinge of sadness in the gaze of Saint Martin of Tours, as he watched the dust gathering in countless little chapels of his, and saw hard-by the worshippers crowding to pay their devotions before the image of St. Louis Gonzaga, or some other latter-day saint? Doubtless the good St. Nicholas of Myra, who delighted to work such wonders, and had a soft place in his heart for all children, and even, as men said, for thieves and lawyers, would smile in his kindly way as he watched the men and women who once came to beg favors of him streaming by his half-forgotten shrine to lay their petitions before the new favorite, and, as the first candles burned like stars in clusters before the freshly erected statue of St. Anthony of Padua, he may have wondered how long this young friar would keep his crowd of votaries. The tapers still burn brightly, though not in such numbers now, before the friar's altars, but St. Nicholas has kept his children friends, and those, no doubt, are the ones whose love he values most. It must be some little satisfaction, too, to him to think that, in lands where heresy and schism have wrought sad ravages, his cult still grows, although the little people have forgotten his true day, and have given him an outlandish name, and though they do not even know that the kind old man with the long white beard who comes down the chimney to fill their stockings with good things at Christmastime is none other than the venerable Archbishop of Myra himself.

The voice of the people does not always echo that of authority, or at least it does so at times in a half-hearted way. In spite of the learning and devotion of the Jesuits, the altar of the great St. Ignatius Loyola will never be very popular, and all the wealth of artistic treasure lavished on the shrine of St. Dominic at Bologna leaves it cold and empty, visited by tourists oftener than by pilgrims, while at Assisi the basilica on the hill and the great church in the plain are thronged by crowds of humble worshippers, who have come from far to seek for blessing in the holy places which the memory of St. Francis still makes fragrant.

At times, indeed, the people's devotion clings to a spot and a figure when the thoughts which formerly inspired it have fled. Thus, in Bohemia certain ancient statues are regarded with perennial reverence, though they are now called by the name of St. John Nepomuk, and once bore that of John Huss. Here authority has triumphed, but its victories are sometimes only slowly won. Years after the worship of St. Expeditus had been officially suppressed by Papal order as being a superstition which had grown up around a fond thing vainly invented, you might see in a great church of Northern France the little lamp burning before the altar of that fictitious saint, while the walls of the chapel continued to bear witness from many a grateful tablet to the loyalty of devotees whose prayers for speedy aid had been

answered to their satisfaction. The student whose vow had been followed, in the nick of time, by success in his examination, and the anxious wife who had prayed for the safe and quick return of her husband from overseas, and had welcomed him home when she was almost losing hope, did not want to be told that St. Expeditus was only a name given in innocent error by certain simple-hearted nuns to the relics of an anonymous saint from the Roman catacombs, which had been sent as a gift to their new Church, in a parcel carefully packed, with the magic word "Spedito" written none too clearly on its cover, to insure speedy delivery, and not, as they imagined, to indicate the name of the saint, whose bones were thus to acquire, in a short space, widespread celebrity amongst a large circle of good folk eager to welcome a patron whose very name promised a quick answer to their prayers.

It is perhaps noteworthy that no similar devotion appears to have sprung up around another Saint of undoubted canonicity, whose name might have been as attractive. Why, one wonders, should not the politicians flock to the altars of St. Opportune? In this case, it must be admitted that the charm of the name has somehow not availed to win the devotion one might have expected. Possibly, however, the admirers of this Saint prefer to pursue their devotions in their closets secretly rather than to proclaim their allegiance abroad in the market-place.

The claims of poor St. Expeditus were soon exposed by the learned guardians of the faith, but it has been sometimes much more difficult to take away the aureole when once it has been given. For centuries different versions of the story of Balaam and Josaphat kept alive in the heart of Christendom the memory of a beautiful and unselfish life, and Balaam is still honored in the Orthodox Eastern Church as a canonized saint, with a day of his own, although Western scholars have shown that this early Christian story goes back to an Indian original, and that St. Balaam is none other than Gautama, the Buddha, himself.

Few will grudge the tribute thus paid by the Christian multitude through many centuries to the pure and blameless life of the Indian prince, who renounced the world in the quest of peace, but we feel differently perhaps when the halo of the Christian saint hides some ancient heathen hero or pagan deity. It seems probable that SS. Cosmo and Damian have often quietly taken the place of the great twin brethren Castor and Pollux, while St. Nicholas himself has sometimes ousted Hermes from his sanctuary. In our colder Northern climes the nixies and pixies could not win a place in popular religion, but in the South the lesser deities at least contrived to prolong their lives sometimes under new and better names, while the Sibyls were all but canonized in popular Christian tradition. Yet even when the names once associated with them have been forgotten, reverence has often clung to the ancient sacred places. Especially is this the case, perhaps, with holy wells. Long ago many of them have been sacred to a pagan deity, and then associated with some holy name of the Church: the centuries pass, and the memory of the heathen sprite and the Christian saint vanishes in the distance, yet still a certain furtive reverence is paid in the countryside to the old well. It is just a wishing well now, and the lover drops his pin into the fountain without understanding what he does, or knowing to whom he pays tribute. The old well keeps its secret, and, from the depth of its clear waters, smiles back at the changing generations of the children of men.

T. E. H.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 258.)

BOOK I.

Matching's Easy at Ease.

§ 7.

WHEN Mr. Direck and Mr. Britling returned to the Dower House the guest was handed over to Mrs. Britling, and Mr. Britling vanished, to reappear at supper-time, for the Britlings had a supper in the evening instead of dinner. When Mr. Britling did reappear every trace of his vexation with the levities of British politics and the British ruling class had vanished altogether, and he was no longer thinking of all that might be happening in Germany or India.

While he was out of the way Mr. Direck extended his acquaintance with the Britling household. He was taken round the garden and shown the roses by Mrs. Britling, and beyond the rose garden in a little arbor they came upon Miss Corner reading a book. She looked very grave and pretty reading a book. Mr. Direck came to a pause in front of her, and Mrs. Britling stopped beside him. The young lady looked up and smiled.

"The last new novel?" asked Mr. Direck, pleasantly.

"Campanella's 'City of the Sun.'"

"My word! but isn't that stiff reading?"

"You haven't read it," said Miss Corner.

"It's a dry old book, anyhow."

"It's no good pretending you have," she said, and there Mr. Direck felt the conversation had to end.

"That's a very pleasant young lady to have about," he said to Mrs. Britling as they went on towards the barn court.

"She's all at loose ends," said Mrs. Britling. "And she reads like a—Whatever does read? One drinks like a fish. One eats like a wolf."

They found the German tutor in a little court playing Badminton with the two younger boys. He was a plump young man, with glasses and compact features; the game progressed chiefly by misses, and the score was counted in German. He won thoughtfully and chiefly through the ardor of the younger brother, whose enthusiastic returns invariably went out. Instantly the boys attacked Mrs. Britling with a concerted enthusiasm. "Mummy! Is it to be dressing-up supper?"

Mrs. Britling considered, and it was manifest that Mr. Direck was material to her answer.

"We wrap ourselves up in curtains and bright things instead of dressing," she explained. "We have a sort of wardrobe of fancy dresses. Do you mind?"

Mr. Direck was delighted.

And this being settled, the two small boys went off with their mother upon some special decorative project they had conceived, and Mr. Direck was left for a time to Herr Heinrich.

Herr Heinrich suggested a stroll in the rose garden, and as Mr. Direck had not hitherto been shown the rose garden by Herr Heinrich, he agreed. Sooner or later, everybody, it was evident, had got to show him that rose garden.

"And how do you like living in an English household?" said Mr. Direck, getting to business at once. "It's interesting to an American to see this English establishment, and it must be still more interesting to a German."

"I find it very different from Pomerania," said Herr Heinrich. "In some respects it is more agreeable, in others less so. It is a pleasant life, but it is not a serious life."

"At any time," continued Herr Heinrich, "someone may say, 'Let us do this thing,' or 'Let us do that thing,' and then everything is disarranged."

"People walk into the house without ceremony. There is much kindness but no politeness. Mr. Britling will go away for three or four days, and when he returns and I come forward to greet him and bow, he will walk right past me, or he will say just like this, 'How do, Heinrich?'"

"Are you interested in Mr. Britling's writings?" Mr. Direck asked.

"There again I am puzzled. His work is known even in Germany. His articles are reprinted in German and Austrian reviews. You would expect him to have a certain authority of manner. You would expect there to be discussion at the table upon questions of philosophy and aesthetics. . . . It is not so. When I ask him questions it is often that they are not seriously answered. Sometimes it is as if he did not like the questions I askt of him. Yesterday I askt of him did he agree or did he not agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw. He just said—I wrote it down in my memoranda—he said: 'Oh! Mixt Pickles.' What can one understand of that?—Mixt Pickles!"

The young man's sedulous blue eyes looked out of his pink face through his glasses at Mr. Direck, anxious for any light he could offer upon the atmospheric vagueness of this England.

He was, he explained, a student of philology preparing for his doctorate. He had not yet done his year of military service. He was studying the dialects of East Anglia—

"You go about among the people?" Mr. Direck inquired.

"No, I do not do that. But I ask Mr. Carmine and Mrs. Britling and the boys many questions. And sometimes I talk to the gardener."

He explained how he would prepare his thesis and how it would be accepted, and the nature of his army service and the various stages by which he would subsequently ascend in the orderly professorial life to which he was destined. He confessed a certain lack of interest in philology, but, he said, "it is what I have to do." And so he was going to do it all his life through. For his own part he was interested in ideas of universal citizenship, in Esperanto and Ido and universal languages and such-like attacks upon the barriers between man and man. But the authorities at home did not favor cosmopolitan ideas, and so he was relinquishing them. "Here, it is as if there were no authorities," he said, with a touch of envy.

Mr. Direck induced him to expand that idea.

Herr Heinrich made Mr. Britling his instance. If Mr. Britling were a German he would certainly have some sort of title, a definite position, responsibility. Here he was not even called Herr Doktor. He said what he liked. Nobody rewarded him; nobody reprimanded him. When Herr Heinrich asked him of his position, whether he was above or below Mr. Bernard Shaw, or Mr. Arnold White, or Mr. Garvin, or any other publicist, he made jokes. Nobody here seemed to have a title, and nobody seemed to have a definite place. There was Mr. Lawrence Carmine; he was a student of Oriental questions; he had to do with some public institution in London that welcomed Indian students; he was a Geheimrath—

"Eh?" said Mr. Direck.

"It is—what do they call it? the Essex County Council." But nobody took any notice of that. And when Mr. Philbert, who was a minister in the government, came to lunch, he was just like anyone else. It was only after he had gone that Herr Heinrich had learnt by chance that he was a minister and "Right Honorable." . . .

"In Germany everything is definite. Every man knows his place, has his papers, is instructed what to do."

"Yet," said Mr. Direck, with his eyes on the glowing roses, the neat arbor, the long line of the red wall of the vegetable garden and a distant gleam of cornfield, "it all looks orderly enough."

"It is as if it had been put in order ages ago," said Herr Heinrich.

"And was just going on by habit," said Mr. Direck, taking up the idea.

Their comparisons were interrupted by the appearance of "Teddy," the secretary, and the Indian young gentleman, damp and genial, as they explained, "from the boats." It seemed that "down below," somewhere was a pond with a punt and an island and a toy dinghy. And while they discussed swimming and boating, Mr. Carmine appeared from the direction of the park conversing gravely with the elder son. They had been for a walk and a talk together. There were proposals for a Badminton foursome. Mr. Direck emerged from the general interchange with Mr. Lawrence Carmine, and then strolled through the rose garden to see the sunset from the end. Mr. Direck took the opportunity to verify his impression that the elder son was the present Mrs. Britling's step-son, and he also contrived by a sudden admiration for a distant row of evening primroses to deflect their path past the arbor in which the evening light must now be getting a little too soft for Miss Corner's book.

Miss Corner was drawn into the sunset party. She talked to Mr. Carmine and displayed, Mr. Direck thought, great originality of mind. She said "The City of the Sun" was like the cities the boys sometimes made on the playroom floor. She said it was the dearest little city, and gave some amusing particulars. She described the painted walls that made the tour of the Civitas Solis a liberal education. She asked Mr. Carmine, who was an authority on Oriental literature, why there were no Indian or Chinese Utopias.

Now, it had never occurred to Mr. Direck to ask why there were no Indian nor Chinese Utopias, and even Mr. Carmine seemed surprised to discover this deficiency.

"The primitive patriarchal village is Utopia to India and China," said Mr. Carmine, when they had a little digested the inquiry. "Or, at any rate, it is their social ideal. They want no Utopias."

"Utopias came with cities," he said, considering the question. "And the first cities, as distinguished from courts and autocratic capitals, came with ships. India and China belong to an earlier age. Ships, trade, disorder, strange relationships, unofficial literature, criticism—and then this idea of some novel remaking of society. . . ."

§ 8

Then Mr. Direck fell into the hands of Hugh, the eldest son, and, anticipating the inevitable, said that he liked to walk in the rose garden. So they walked in the rose garden.

"Do you read Utopias?" said Mr. Direck, cutting any preface, in the English manner.

"Oh, rather!" said Hugh, and became at once friendly and confidential.

"We all do," he explained. "In England everybody talks of change, and nothing ever changes."

"I found Miss Corner reading—what was it? the Sun People?—some old classical Italian work."

"Campanella," said Hugh, without betraying the slightest interest in Miss Corner. "Nothing changes in England, because the people who want to change things change their minds before they change anything else. I've been in London talking for the last half-year. Studying art they call it. Before that I was a science student, and I want to be one again. Don't you think, sir, there's something about science—it's steadier than anything else in the world?"

Mr. Direck thought that the moral truths of human nature were steadier than science, and they had one of those little discussions of real life that begin about a difference inadequately apprehended, and do not so much end as are abandoned. Hugh struck him as being more speculative and detached than any American college youth of his age that he knew—but that might not be a national difference, but only the Britling strain. He seemed to have read more, and more independently, and to be doing less. And he was rather more restrained and self-possessed.

Before Mr. Direck could begin a proper inquiry into the young man's work and outlook, he had got the conversation upon America. He wanted tremendously to see America. "The dad says in one of his books that over here we are being, and that over there you are beginning. It must be tremendously stimulating to think that your country is still being made."

Mr. Direck thought that an interesting point of view. "Unless something tumbles down here, we never think of altering it," the young man remarked. "And even then we just shore it up."

His remarks had the effect of floating off from some busy mill of thought within him. Hitherto Mr. Direck had been inclined to think this silent, observant youth, with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders a little humped, as probably shy and adolescently ineffective. But the head was manifestly quite busy.

"Miss Corner," he began, taking the first thing that came into his head, and then he remembered that he had already made the remark he was going to make not five minutes ago.

"What form of art," he asked, "are you contemplating in your studies at the present time in London?"

Before this question could be dealt with at all adequately, the two small boys became active in the garden, beating in everybody to "dress-up" before supper. The secretary, Teddy, came in a fatherly way to look after Mr. Direck and see to his draperies.

§ 9

Mr. Direck gave his very best attention to this business of draping himself, for he had not the slightest intention of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of Miss Cecily Corner. Teddy came with an armful of stuff that he thought "might do."

"What'll I come as?" asked Mr. Direck.

"We don't wear costumes," said Teddy. "We just put on all the brightest things we fancy. If it's any costume at all, it's Futurist."

"And surely why shouldn't one?" asked Mr. Direck, greatly struck by this idea. "Why should we always be tied by the fashions and periods of the past?"

He rejected a rather Mephistopheles-like costume of crimson and a scheme for a brigand-like *ensemble* based upon what was evidently an old bolero of Mrs. Britling's, and after some reflection he accepted some black silk tights. His legs were not legs to be ashamed of. Over this he tried various brilliant wrappings from the Dower House *armoire*, and chose at last, after some hesitation in the direction of a piece of gold and purple brocade, a big square of green silk curtain stuff adorned with golden pheasants and other large and dignified ornaments; this he wore, toga fashion, over his light silken under-vest—Teddy had insisted on the abandonment of his shirt "if you want to dance at all"—and fastened with a large green glass-jewelled brooch. From this his head and neck projected, he felt, with a tolerable dignity. Teddy suggested a fillet of green ribbon, and this Mr. Direck tried, but after prolonged reflection before the glass, rejected. He was still weighing the effect of this fillet upon the mind of Miss Corner when Teddy left him to make his own modest preparations. Teddy's departure gave him a chance for profile studies by means of an arrangement of the long mirror and the table looking-glass that he had been too shy to attempt in the presence of the secretary. The general effect was quite satisfactory.

"Wa-a-a-l," he said, with a quaver of laughter, "now who'd have thought it?" and smiled a consciously American smile at himself before going down.

The company was assembling in the panelled hall, and made a brilliant show in the light of the acetylene candles against the dark background. Mr. Britling in a black velvet cloak and black silk tights was a deeper shade among the shadows; the high lights were Miss Corner and her sister, in glittering garments of peacock green and silver that gave a snake-like quality to their lithe bodies. They were talking to the German tutor,

who had become a sort of cotton Cossack, a spectacled Cossack in buff and bright green. Mrs. Britling was dignified and beautiful in a purple djibbah, and her stepson had become a handsome still figure of black and crimson. Teddy had contrived something elaborate and effective in the Egyptian style, with a fish-basket and a cuirass of that thin matting one finds behind washstands; the small boys were brigands, with immensely baggy breeches and cummerbunds, in which they had stuck a selection of paper-knives and toy pistols and similar weapons. Mr. Carmine and his young man had come provided with real Indian costumes; the feeling of the company was that Mr. Carmine was a mullah. The aunt-like lady with the noble nose stood out amidst these levities in a black silk costume with a gold chain. She refused, it seemed, to make herself absurd, though she encouraged the others to extravagance by nods and enigmatical smiles. Nevertheless she had put pink ribbons in her cap. A family of father, golden-haired mother, and two young daughters, sympathetically attired, had just arrived, and were discarding their outer wrappings with the assistance of host and hostess.

It was all just exactly what Mr. Direck had never expected in England, and equally unexpected was the supper on a long candle-lit table without a cloth. No servants were present, but on a sideboard stood a cold salmon and cold joints and kalter aufschnitt and kartoffel salat, and a variety of other comestibles, and many bottles of beer and wine and whisky. One helped oneself and anybody else one could, and Mr. Direck did his best to be very attentive to Mrs. Britling and Miss Corner, and was greatly assisted by the latter.

Everybody seemed unusually gay and bright-eyed. Mr. Direck found something exhilarating and oddly exciting in all this unusual bright costume and in this easy mutual service; it made everybody seem franker and simpler. Even Mr. Britling had revealed a sturdy handsomeness that had not been apparent to Mr. Direck before, and young Britling left no doubts now about his good looks. Mr. Direck forgot his mission and his position, and indeed things generally, in an irrational satisfaction that his golden pheasants harmonized with the glitter of the warm and smiling girl beside him. And he sat down beside her—"You sit anywhere," said Mr. Britling—with far less compunction than in his ordinary costume he would have felt for so direct a confession of preference. And there was something in her eyes, it was quite indefinable and yet very satisfying, that told him that now he had escaped from the stern, square imperatives of his patriotic tailor in New York she had made a discovery of him.

Everybody chattered gaily, though Mr. Direck would have found it difficult to recall afterwards what it was they chattered about, except that somehow he acquired the valuable knowledge that Miss Corner was called Cecily, and her sister Letty, and then—so far old Essex custom held—the masculine section was left for a few minutes for some imaginary drinking, and a lighting of cigars and cigarettes, after which everybody went through interwoven moonlight and afterglow to the barn. Mr. Britling sat down to a pianola in the corner, and began the familiar cadences of "Whistling Rufus."

"You dance?" said Miss Cecily Corner.

"I've never been much of a dancing man," said Mr. Direck. "What sort of a dance is this?"

"Just anything. A two-step."

Mr. Direck hesitated and regretted a well-spent youth, and then Hugh came prancing forward with outstretched hands and swept her away.

Just for an instant Mr. Direck felt that this young man was a trifle superfluous.

But it was very amusing dancing.

It wasn't any sort of taught formal dancing. It was a spontaneous retort to the leaping American music that Mr. Britling footed out. You kept time, and for the rest you did as your nature prompted. If you had a partner you joined hands, you fluttered to and from one another, you paced down the long floor together, you involved yourselves in romantic pursuits and repulsions with other couples. There was no objection to your dancing alone. Teddy, for example, danced alone

in order to develop certain Egyptian gestures that were germinating in his brain. There was no objection to your joining hands in a cheerful serpent. . . .

Mr. Direck's gaze hung on to Cissie and her partner. They danced very well together; they seemed to like and understand each other. It was natural, of course, for two young people like that, thrown very much together, to develop an affection for one another. . . . Still, she was older by three or four years.

It seemed unreasonable that the boy anyhow shouldn't be in love with her. . . .

It seemed unreasonable that anyone shouldn't be in love with her. . . .

Then Mr. Direck remarked that Cissie was watching Teddy's manoeuvres over her partner's shoulder with real affection and admiration. . . .

But then, most refreshingly, she picked up Mr. Direck's gaze and gave him the slightest of smiles. She hadn't forgotten him.

The music stopped with an effect of shock, and all the bobbing, whirling figures became walking glories.

"Now that's not difficult, is it?" said Miss Corner, glowing happily.

"Not when you do it," said Mr. Direck.

"I can't imagine an American not dancing a two-step. You must do the next with me. Listen! It's 'Away Down Indiana.' . . . Ah! I knew you could."

Mr. Direck, too, understood now that he could, and they went off holding hands rather after the fashion of two skaters.

"My word!" said Mr. Direck. "To think I'd be dancing."

But he said no more because he needed his breath.

He liked it, and he had another attempt with one of the visitor daughters, who danced rather more formally, and then Teddy took the pianola, and Mr. Direck was astonished by the spectacle of an eminent British thinker in a whirl of black velvet and extremely active black legs engaged in a kind of Apache dance in pursuit of the visitor wife. Into which Mr. Lawrence Carmine suddenly interwove.

"In Germany," said Herr Heinrich, "we do not dance like this. It could not be considered seemly. But it is very pleasant."

And then there was a waltz, and Herr Heinrich bowed to and took the visitor wife round three times, and returned her very punctually and exactly to the point whence he had taken her, and the Indian young gentleman (who must not be called "colored") waltzed very well with Cecily. Mr. Direck tried to take a tolerant European view of this brown and white combination. But he secured her as soon as possible from this Asiatic entanglement, and danced with her again, and then he danced with her again.

"Come and look at the moonlight," cried Mrs. Britling.

And presently Mr. Direck found himself strolling through the rose garden with Cecily. She had the sweetest moonlight face, her white shining robe made her a thing of moonlight altogether. If Mr. Direck had not been in love with her before he was now altogether in love. Mamie Nelson, whose freakish unkindness had been rankling like a poisoned thorn in his heart all the way from Massachusetts, suddenly became Ancient History.

A tremendous desire for eloquence arose in Mr. Direck's soul, a desire so tremendous that no conceivable phrase he could imagine satisfied it. So he remained tongue-tied. And Cecily was tongue-tied, too. The scent of the roses just tinted the clear sweetness of the air they breathed.

Mr. Direck's mood was an immense solemnity, like a dark ocean beneath the vast dome of the sky, and something quivered in every fibre of his being, like moonlit ripples on the sea. He felt at the same time a portentous stillness and an immense enterprise. . . .

Then suddenly the pianola, pounding a cake walk, burst out into ribald invitation.

"Come back to dance!" cried Cecily, like one from whom a spell has just been broken. And Mr. Direck,

snatching at a vanishing scrap of everything he had not said, remarked, "I shall never forget this evening."

She did not seem to hear that.

They danced together again. And then Mr. Direck danced with the visitor lady, whose name he had never heard. And then he danced with Mrs. Britling, and then he danced with Letty. And then it seemed time for him to look for Miss Cecily again.

And so the cheerful evening passed until they were within a quarter of an hour of Sunday morning. Mrs. Britling went to exert a restraining influence upon the pianola.

"Oh! one dance more!" cried Cissie Corner.

"Oh! one dance more!" cried Letty.

"One dance more," Mr. Direck supported, and then things really *had* to end.

There was a rapid putting out of candles and a stowing away of things by Teddy and the sons, two chauffeurs appeared from the region of the kitchen and brought Mr. Lawrence Carmine's car and the visitor family's car to the front door, and everybody drifted gaily through the moonlight and the big trees to the front of the house. And Mr. Direck saw the perambulator waiting—the mysterious perambulator—a little in the dark beyond the front door.

The visitor family and Mr. Carmine and his young Indian departed. "Come to hockey!" shouted Mr. Britling to each departing car-load, and Mr. Carmine, receding, answered: "I'll bring three!"

Then Mr. Direck, in accordance with a habit that had been growing on him throughout the evening, looked round for Miss Cissie Corner and failed to find her. And then behold she was descending the staircase with the mysterious baby in her arms. She held up a warning finger, and then glanced at her sleeping burthen. She looked like a silvery Madonna. And Mr. Direck remembered that he was still in doubt about that baby. . . .

Teddy, who was back in his flannels, seized upon the perambulator. There was much careful baby stowing on the part of Cecily; she displayed an infinitely maternal solicitude. Letty was away changing; she reappeared jauntily taking leave, disregarding the baby absolutely, and Teddy departed bigamously, wheeling the perambulator between the two sisters into the hazes of the moonlight. There was much crying of good-nights. Mr. Direck's curiosities narrowed down to a point of great intensity. . . .

Of course, Mr. Britling's circle must be a very "Advanced" circle. . . .

(To be continued.)

Letters from Abroad.

WHAT AMERICA IS THINKING.

[The following report upon the internal position in America has been prepared by a well-known and friendly American in close touch with public affairs.—ED., NATION.]

CONGRESS.—The legislators can practically be counted upon to support the President in anything he demands, partly because the German agitation in America has made it impossible for Congressmen to oppose the administration without being labelled as pro-German traitors, and partly because this is a campaign year, in which both parties are playing for popular favor, and will not run the risk of doing anything which might be interpreted as unpatriotic. The democrats will support the President under the necessity of party unity; and the Republicans will support him in order to be able to go before the people in the campaign and say: "We did not agree with his policies, and we think he has gotten us into trouble; but we did not do anything to hamper the President in caring for the interests of America, since we were not ourselves in control. Now, put us in control!"

In other words, the President can practically create

a situation as he desires it; and then inform Congress and request that he be supported, and be certain that he will.

The dominant sentiment favors the Allies, although there is a pro-German undercurrent. Friendliness to the Allies is largely based on the feeling about Belgium, coupled with an inclination to the democratic countries as against the autocratic. A real advance in popular constitutional power in Russia would do much to increase American sympathy for the Allies. At present, Russian autocracy is regarded as a dangerous force, which is contrary to American ideals. The feeling against Great Britain on account of her treatment of trade and mails is pretty strong—partly due to German agitation—but it is overbalanced by popular sympathy for the individual soldiers who have gone out to fight for Belgium.

The deepest desire, I think, is that America should be kept out of the war, and be in a position for impartial service when the time of the peace conference comes. However, a crisis with Germany, coupled with sympathy for Belgium, and with the President's control of the action of Congress, might throw us suddenly into war despite this desire.

WILSON.—The President's dominant desire is said to be for the opportunity for impartial mediation. Nevertheless, many of the Congressmen are convinced that he has made up his mind that war with Germany—at least, a break—would not be a bad thing, as it might bring an earlier end of the fight. They admit that Congress would back him up if such a crisis should be precipitated. What is really in his mind, nobody knows, except a few personal advisers. We have an example of a secret diplomacy which trusts only itself, quite as startling as that of Europe. The President's emissaries—Colonel House, for instance—are silent concerning what their purposes and discoveries are. Congressional leaders do not feel that they are in the President's confidence. They are simply summoned when he has a communication to make; and they wait for his move, resigned to the necessity of following. Meanwhile, the need of popular favor has, without doubt, an effect on the President's mind, in view of a desire for re-election in November. This might either bring sudden, sharp action in a Mexican or German situation which had aroused the public mind, and so assure support by setting the country at war, satisfying the popular desire for punitive action, and stimulating the instinct not to change leaders during a struggle; or it might withhold the hand of the President in view of the evidence of a desire for peace. The State primary elections, in which Ford has been endorsed and Roosevelt repudiated, will have this pacific influence.

ROOSEVELT.—It is increasingly felt that the Colonel is dying, politically, along with the Progressive Party. The success of the old line Republicans in electing their delegates to the convention where the party nominee will be chosen is a sign of the waning Roosevelt power. On the other hand, any crisis which increased the disfavor in which certain of the administration's policies are held—particularly the Mexican and German negotiations—might give a sudden turn of opinion in Roosevelt's favor. There are still masses of people who think that "Teddy" is the man of action, who would have warded off the danger we now face. There is little doubt that a success for Roosevelt would mean a much stronger military policy for the United States, and a much more aggressive stand in regard to American as opposed to foreign interests.

A second possibility of Mr. Roosevelt's success lies in the chance of the appearance of new political factions. If he is not nominated at the Republican Convention, he may prevent a fusion of the Progressives and Republicans, and run on the nomination of his own party. That would probably split the election for Wilson; but if a strong pacifist party should be formed, the result might be to give the election to Roosevelt with a plurality.

HUGHES.—Much will depend upon the Republican nominee. If it is Justice Hughes, the general confidence in his character will very likely be enough to offset the Colonel's personal following, which is based on his magnetism. Hughes is an old opponent of the Colonel;

a strong man with a record of absolute integrity as Governor of New York, and a jurist of international mind who could be counted upon to advance any system that might promise a judicial settlement of national disputes. As a justice of the Supreme Court, he is silent upon politics. It is not known whether he could be induced to run; but men close to him think that he could, if the nomination came as a demand which implied no action on his own part, and did not compromise the dignity of the bench or implicate it in politics.

OTHER CANDIDATES.—Ex-Senator Burton, of Ohio, is the most prominent of the compromise candidates suggested if it is impossible to get the Republicans to unite on Hughes or Roosevelt. Root is considered out of the question by most people, partly on account of his age, and partly because it is understood he could have no Roosevelt support. Burton is a man of excellent record in politics, with the advantage of having antagonized no one. He is a former president of the American Peace Society. He is a quiet man, and consequently would not make so strong a candidate as a national figure like Roosevelt or Hughes. Other possibilities are Governor Hadley, of Missouri, Senator Cummins, of Iowa, Governor Whitman, of New York, Governor Willis, of Ohio—all colorless and small calibre men compared to the leaders already considered.

The situation can be summed up by saying that there is a certainty of Wilson as the Democratic nominee; and that the opposition will depend on such shifting factors that, with the volatility of American political thought, it is impossible to say who the nominee or nominees may be, how many parties in opposition there may be, and what the dominant issues at the time may be. There may be one, two, or three opposition parties, in addition to the Prohibitionists, and the Socialists who are expected to poll a much larger vote than ever before as a party of protest and of insistence on pacifist ideals.

The issues will be determined from week to week, as the diplomatic crises and the Mexican issue develop.

The Republicans are certain to insist on radical increases in armament; and may so force the hand of the Democratic faction desiring conservatism. Military feeling is on the increase at present, I should say—with strong minority opposition.

Letters to the Editor.

THE OPPORTUNITY IN INDIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It so happens that during the past few weeks three important interviews relating to the government and condition of India in war-time have been accorded to representatives of the American Press. First, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Secretary of State, described in some detail the unexampled contributions made by the princes and people, and by the Indian Army, to the cause of the Empire and the Allies. Secondly, Lord Islington, the Under-Secretary, made a statement designed to show that India enjoys a steadily-enlarging scheme of self-government. And now Lord Hardinge, Viceroy until two months ago, has given the London correspondent of the "New York Times" what is by a long way the most illuminating, and we should all add, the most inspiring, account of India in the world-crisis that has so far been permitted to see the light.

The salient facts in Lord Hardinge's survey, we cannot doubt, have been recognized by the world for what they are—marvellous. That India, at the outbreak of war, should have had the British garrison reduced from 73,000 men to something between 10,000 and 15,000; that rifles, ammunition, and modern artillery should have been poured out to the almost complete denudation of the Indian armories; that some 300,000 fighting men in all should have been despatched from India to the various theatres of war in three continents; that there should have been no serious outbreak of disaffection in these two years, and that every attempt to suborn Indian soldiers from their allegiance should have been

foiled by the men themselves—all this and more in the interview should help the British public, no less than our adversaries and the friendly neutrals, to form a more adequate conception of India and its position. And it should, most certainly, make our own people realize the significance of the crowning mercy—that in 1914 the affairs of India were directed by such a man as Lord Hardinge of Penshurst. The ex-Viceroy keeps himself out of it; but all who have any acquaintance with Indian movements during the past ten years know well that if, when the crash came, another kind of governor-general had been in command, the story told to-day in the newspapers of the world might have been calamitously different.

"How was this possible?" Lord Hardinge was asked. "Only because of mutual trust," he replied. "At the outset of the war I had consultations with the leaders throughout India. I frankly exposed to them the situation and the needs of the Empire, and I was assured that there would be no serious trouble in India. I believed their assurances, and my trust has been amply justified."

So much for those aspects of the Indian situation upon which we are justified in thinking with pride. There are, however, others to which public attention ought, and more particularly at the present juncture, to be directed. The mutual trust of which Lord Hardinge spoke prevails to-day mainly by reason of the reforms effected in the government of India by Lord Morley and the recovered sentiment of loyalty due to the King's visit of 1911. But it remains true that the actual administration, the work of the Executive, had not before the war been to any material extent modified by the broader and more generous aims which, since 1905, have inspired the supreme authority. A strongly-entrenched bureaucracy is the stiffest power in the world; and the simple truth of the matter is that the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy to-day is not more but less sympathetic towards a changing social and political order in India than it was in the pre-Curzon epoch. Liberalized direction from above has gone along with an increasing severity of executive control in the provinces and districts. While in the councils and other assemblies, Indian representatives do unquestionably exercise a larger influence upon their country's affairs, the day-to-day business of administration is carried on with a despotic minuteness which, since the time of Lord Minto, has been directed towards the suppression of practically every form of independent and spontaneous activity—especially, of course, among the educated classes. To some of us the initial and almost irredeemable blunder was the failure after 1905 to distinguish between those kinds of political activity which were criminal and destructive, and those, nationalist or other, which were natural, inevitable, and indicative of an awakening public consciousness. Simla, before Lord Hardinge went out in 1910, had shown itself unequal to the making of that distinction, and as a consequence the work of the wisest Viceroy of our time was in no small degree rendered nugatory by the forces of political crime and the terrors and suspicions engendered by them. Hence the harshness of the Executive in India before the war: the complete suppression of political meetings and associations, the merciless control of the Press, the terrorizing of popular leaders, the prevalence of espionage, and the unchecked power of the police.

A state of war necessarily intensifies all such evils. Lord Hardinge gave some examples of the anarchic conspiracies with which the Government of India has had to deal; but he did not speak of the special measures of repression or precaution which have been applied. A short time ago the Governor of Bengal, Lord Carmichael, admitted in the Legislative Council that over 300 persons in his province had, since the beginning of the war, been interned or deported as political suspects. The meagre news available in the Indian newspapers implies that the arrests and internments are carried out with all the circumstances of hardship common in such cases, and we know what that implies in the way of spreading rumor and unreasoning popular fears. War and liberty, as we in England have learnt, are mutually exclusive, and India, even more than the rest of the Empire, must accept abnormal conditions. But is it not, above all things, clear that the Government must fix its eyes upon the future? Men of all parties are saying that the relations between India and Great Britain can never again be what they were before the war. The splendid showing of the

princes, the great services rendered by the Indian armies, and the behavior of the mass of the people all imply an advance towards more complete association with the self-governing Empire. But, in the meantime, how is this assumption or expectation expressed in the administration? Not at all, many observers would declare. Very little indeed, is the most that anyone could say. At present the bureaucracy is holding down the public life of India. It has perfected a mechanism of autocracy under which the teacher and journalist, the political and social worker, are all alike repressed, without the means of expression, without any opportunity of public service. One day the distressing story will be told of the cold hostility displayed by the official world to the enthusiastic offers of voluntary aid from every class in the land. Now all this is unintelligent and unwise; it is perilous. The tranquillity and loyalty of India, so wonderfully exhibited hitherto, cannot be maintained unless we are prepared to apply Lord Hardinge's principle of trust all round.

Recent imperial history provides us with two contrasted lessons, to both of which we must give the closest heed. Ireland and Sinn Fein represent a parallel and a warning of which the Government of India must be acutely conscious. The Union of South Africa furnishes an inspiring example. Surely, the people of England will know which to follow.—Yours, &c.,

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

Withington, Manchester.

A SEPARATE PEACE WITH TURKEY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Although friends tell me that I am wasting my time by going on in this polemic with such an irresponsible person as M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, I will again answer his last very long letter—for the sake of THE NATION'S readers. After all, I owe that to a paper whose foreign policy I have admired and followed for the last ten years, and whose present broad-minded and lofty point of view is widely different from the narrow Jingoism of my critic.

Of course, I have not the least desire to discuss M. Loyson's essays as a "practical joker," nor his ridiculous considerations about my "oversea megaphone." I shall only consider facts.

1. M. Loyson protests because I wrote that he was "one of those wise politicians, who will go on, with the blood of others, waging the war till they have exterminated the whole of the Turkish, German, and Austrian nations." But he wrote himself: "*We shall not come to terms with savages, whether Turks or Germans.*" So that the only alternative was their absolute crushing—their extermination.

M. Loyson most unfairly wrote that my arguments in favor of a separate peace with Turkey that would deprive the Kaiser of his Turkish allies, and kill the Pan-Germanist plans on Baghdad, were "an effort" to "come to the rescue of Prussia." I showed how dishonest this translation was. For his defence M. Loyson quotes a certain unknown Turkish "ex-Councillor of State," interviewed by the "Journal de Genève," who declared "that this separate peace would inevitably be the prelude of a general peace."

Now what have I to do with this mysterious Swiss-Turk? Meanwhile, a very different conclusion can be derived from the words he is quoting, namely, that Germany may, after the failure of her policy in the East, recognize the defeat of her plans for hegemony in Europe, and offer acceptable terms—say, absolute independence of Belgium, Serbia, and Poland, France restored, Alsace-Lorraine's inhabitants consulted on their future, while she would, of course, recover her colonies. Such terms would be accepted by all reasonable men.

M. Loyson objects to my views about the Pan-Slavist ambitions in regard to Constantinople, that have done such great mischief in the Balkans, estranged Roumania and Greece after Bulgaria, and assisted the pro-German propaganda of the Kaiser's agents—as all my colleagues of the Balkan Committee of the French Chamber could say. He quotes the unfortunate identification of my distinguished Russian colleague, Miliukoff, with the old dreams of reactionary Russia. I can only say that I am very sorry for M. Miliukoff, but that I shall not for his sake give up the traditional policy of French and British democracy in this matter—and also the policy of many Russian

Liberals and of all the Russian Socialists (see M. Tseidze's declarations in the Duma).

2. I wrote that the whole of the French Socialist Parliamentary Party agreed with me on this subject, and I can add that in that meeting two of our members who are in the Cabinet were present. I also said in my first article that at the meeting of the Foreign Affairs Committee my utterances had a sympathetic reception. I have not dropped this "claim," because it is a fact with which Sir Edward Grey's answer to Mr. Outhwaite had nothing to do. How can the British Foreign Secretary know what is going on in the French Foreign Affairs Committee, meeting *in camera*?

3. I certainly need not give any answer to M. P. H. Loyson's remarkable discovery that British labor is backing compulsion "with broad shoulders" (!). THE NATION's readers, and, generally speaking, British democrats, need not refer to M. Loyson for knowledge of the labor movement of their own country. I can tell them that they should not attach much importance to the "Bataille's" declamations on the subject, as this paper has very little representative character, and is no longer the official organ of the General Confederation of Labor.

4. M. P. H. Loyson says that I "emphatically declared in France, that I shared the views of the I.L.P.," and in proof quotes an article I wrote in the "Bonnet Rouge" in January last. This is typical of M. Loyson's accuracy. In the quoted article, "The Reawakening of Socialism," there is nothing of the sort. My comrades of the I.L.P. know very well that if I admire their plucky stand for internationalism, I don't agree with them in their non-resistance or Tolstoyan view—at any rate the view of many of them—because I am sure that this is not the view of my friends Ramsay MacDonald or Anderson. I always favored national defence, although a staunch Internationalist. In the article so inaccurately quoted by M. Loyson, I praised the general awakening of International Socialism in Germany with Karl Liebknecht, in England with the demonstration of the Trade Union Congress against conscription, in France with the rapid growth of a strong clear-cut internationalist minority inside the Socialist Party. But I never shared the views expressed in the Newcastle Congress resolution about defensive wars. So that the first challenge of M. Loyson breaks down.

5. His second challenge is even more futile. He pretends to question my statement about thirty-three French Socialist M.P.s having joined our minority. M. Loyson should have read the first issue of the minority new weekly paper "Le Populaire International," besides its three dailies—"Le Populaire du Centre" in Limoges, "Midi Socialiste" in Toulouse, "Le Droit du Peuple" in Grenoble, and he would have seen that twenty-seven members of the French Parliamentary Socialist group had signed, besides seven that were away. They are: Pressemane, Betoulle (Mayor of Limoges), Parry, Valière, members for the Hte. Vienne; Mistral, Raffin-Dugens, Buisset, and Giray, for the Isère; Jean Bon, Mayeras, Poncet, Voilin, and Jean Longuet, for the Seine (Paris and suburbs); Sixte-Quenin and Cadenat (former Mayor of Marseilles), for the Bouches du Rhone; Goude, for Brest; Lissac, for Jura; Deguise, for the Aisne (an invaded department); Morin, for Tours; Brizon, for Moulin; Alexandre Blanc, for Orange; Barabant, for Dijon; Voilot and Manus, for Lyons, Valette and Bernard, for the Gard; Sabin, for the Tarn. And all those have voted together with the minority at the last National Council. Among those who were not there was Pierre Laval, the eloquent young member for a Paris suburb; Claussat, from the Puy de Dome; Philbois, from Troyes; Cabrol, from the Aveyron; Locquin, from the Nièvre; Jobert, of the Yonne.

When I say that this minority of thirty-two or thirty-three is more than one-third of the group, M. Loyson ought to know that out of our hundred members several have died—the greatest of all, Jaurès, having been murdered by a Jingo—while nine have remained in their invaded constituencies. So that only eighty-seven remain; and even M. Loyson's "patriotic" arithmetic must admit that thirty-two or thirty-three is more than one-third of eighty-seven.

6. When M. Loyson lectures me about what we have been doing at our last National Council, where this purely bourgeois journalist was not admitted, and of which he

knows nothing, as a matter of fact we had been conferring for a week with my old comrade Huysmans, the secretary of the International Socialist Bureau. He had told us that twenty-six National Sections of the International out of twenty-seven—including Belgium—were in favor of its meeting. One section alone, France, was opposed. He told us that as long as the demand was not unanimous he would oppose the meeting. We agreed with him that a meeting without Socialist France was impossible. But, at the same time, we demanded from our National Council that it should reconsider its former decision. A minority of nearly one thousand (960) against 1,980 voted for my friend Adrien Pressemane's resolution (and not mine, oh, accurate M. Loyson!). The majority included 700 votes, purely nominal, from the North and Ardennes Federations, whose members, with the exception of a few dozen refugees in Paris, were unable to give their opinion at all, as they are invaded or mobilized. So that really we had 1,000 votes against 1,300. A phantom minority, indeed!

All his misquotations of the "Petit Parisien," of my friend Vandervelde's letter, or of Huysmans, cannot modify these plain facts.

7. M. Loyson, at last, but not least, is very inquisitive about the French Socialist leaders who have *known* and *approved* my meeting and Renaudel's in Switzerland with brave and loyal Socialists from Germany, who face their own Jingoism as we combat ours. *Petit curieux!* as we say in French. I can only repeat what I have already written, that when I went with Renaudel to Berne we left Paris after the authorized leaders of the French Socialist Party had knowledge of our journey—and approved it. They understood that we were not going "to prattle with the enemy," but to meet men with whom we were proud to shake hands as champions of the cause of Humanity. And I will add, men who are better friends of France's cause than narrow Jingoism of M. Loyson's type, whose great achievement during this war has been to vilify France's noblest son, Romain Rolland, who, as MacDonald wrote recently, has "courageously held up for the enlightenment of the world the bright torch of French culture."—Yours, &c.,

JEAN LONGUET,

Member of the French Chamber.

WAR SERVICES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In Mr. Bernard Shaw's courteous and good-natured references to my wife and myself there is one sentence which might convey a wrong impression. He says that "Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke are at large, doing what they like." As a matter of fact, my wife has been working at a hospital, and I have been with my regiment ever since the war broke out. As both these institutions are under War Office control, neither of us can fairly be said to have been at large.

We do not wish to take the slightest credit for our services, but I think it fair to mention them in view of the idea conveyed (no doubt unintentionally) by Mr. Bernard Shaw, that we have not surrendered our own liberty to the State while we are asking other people to surrender theirs.—Yours, &c.,

WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

Compton Verney, Warwick. May 29th, 1916.

A SEPARATE PEACE WITH BULGARIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A certain percentage of Bourbons seem to be secreted by humanity in every generation, incompetent to learn, to forget, or to forgive. Our contemporary Bourbons are busy urging us to take Bulgaria back to our hearts. That she has betrayed ourselves and Europe, that she has fallen tooth and claw upon a small and gallant nation that has suffered all things for our common cause—these things need not concern us over-much. Let us court her alliance as a treasure of price, and offer her Adrianople (where there are no Bulgarians) as a reward for favoring us with a renewal of her friendship.

Let us put it plainly. We have allied ourselves with Serbia. We have profited, not much, but a little, by the tremendous sacrifice that she has made in her national

cause. Friendly relations with Serbia and Bulgaria simultaneously will be impossible for a generation. Which shall we choose, our friend with whom we have fought side by side, or our enemy who has stabbed us in the back, and is our friend's implacable oppressor?

May I put to you a case? You have had two friends. But one tries to rob you, and the other gets his eye knocked out in defending your property from the robber. Under the circumstances, if you make much advance of friendship to the robber, in the hope of benefit to come from him, the eyeless one may think hard things of you.—Yours, &c.,

E. HILTON YOUNG.

H.M.S. "Excellent." May 27th, 1916.

THE EXCLUSION OF ULSTER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—“H. W. M.” says “If Ulster stands out the finance of the Bill is wrecked.” I believe this to be a mistake. The basis of the finance of the Government of Ireland Act is that the revenue of the Irish Parliament will be the present cost of the transferred services, together with a bonus sum fixed by the Act. There would be no real difficulty in apportioning the cost of the Irish service, and determining how much would be necessary, on the basis of past expenditure, to meet the cost of those services in the part of Ireland placed under the rule of the Irish Parliament. It may be necessary to increase the bonus sum; most people in Ireland have always thought it insufficient, and the increase of taxation in Ireland for war purposes has been so great that the Irish services now cost much less than Ireland pays in taxes. Inasmuch as the great cost of Irish administration—and consequently the great chance of saving—has always been in the South of Ireland, while the greatest need of increased expenditure to meet the educational needs of a growing urban population, is in the North, the finance of the Act would be eased, rather than injured, by the exclusion of Ulster.

The administrative services in the part of Ireland which does not want to be ruled from Dublin can easily be concentrated in the hands of a single minister responsible to the Imperial Parliament, assisted perhaps by some sort of representative council. This minister must be supremely incompetent if he does not manage the Ulster administration better than it is managed from Dublin to-day. There is no great Protestant community in the world which has been doomed to so poor and unrepresentative a system of elementary education as Belfast.

There are, of course, difficulties in the exclusion of “Ulster”—especially the difficulty of boundary—but the great thing is to be true, both in North and South, to the essential principle of government in accordance with the will of the governed.—Yours, &c.,

V. K.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.
May 31st, 1916.

CATS IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—“Penguin,” in his delightful literary causerie in your current number omits the latest and finest of French “félinophile” writers. Madame Colette, formerly the collaborator of Willy (M. Gauthier-Villars), has just written an exquisite book, “La Paix chez les Bêtes” (publisher, Georges Crès), which I recommend to all persons who can appreciate the charm of literature and of animals. Her former book, on animals, “Les Veilles de la Vigne,” is also full of insight, of originality, of an almost perfect sense of language. Madame Colette is, above all, always herself; she deals with the lives of her animal friends as fearlessly and veraciously as with men and women in the brilliant books which are landmarks alike in psychology and in literature: the “Claudine” series, “L'Entrave,” “La Vagabonde,” and “Retraite Sentimentale.”—Yours, &c.,

F. D. STELLA BROWNE.

16, King's Mansions, Chelsea.
May 29th, 1916.

[Want of space compels us to hold over until next week a letter from Mr. G. G. Coulton on “Universal Service and Prussianism.”—ED. *THE NATION*.]

Poetry.

TWO POEMS.

I.—BIRDS.

WHEN our two souls have left this mortal clay,
And, seeking mine, you think that mine is lost—
Look for me first in that Elysian glade
Where Lesbia is, for whom the birds sing most.

What happy hearts those feathered mortals have,
That sing so sweet when they're wet through in spring!
For in that month of May when leaves are young,
Birds dream of song, and in their sleep they sing.

And when the spring has gone and they are dumb,
Is it not fine to watch them at their play:
Is it not fine to see a bird that tries
To stand upon the end of every spray?

See how they tilt their pretty heads aside:
When women make that move they always please.
What cosy homes birds make in leafy walls
That Nature's love has ruined—and the trees.

Oft have I seen in fields the little birds
Go in between a bullock's legs to eat,
But what gives me most joy is when I see
Snow on my doorstep, printed by their feet.

W. H. DAVIES.

II.—THE CARRION CROW.

A crow sat on a crooked tree,
And first it cawed, then glowered at me.

Quoth I, “Thou hoary, hooded crow,
Why do ye glower at me so?”

“I look upon thee live,” it said,
“That I may better ken thee dead;

“That I may claim thee for my ain
When ye are smooored among the slain.”

The crow perched on that crooked tree,
Nor raised its evil eye frae me.

It perched upon that crooked thorn,
And gazed on me as if in scorn:

“I'll whet my bill upon thy blade
Where thou art lying in the glade;

“I'll pike out baith thy bonnie e'en;
I'll pike the flesh frae off each bane;

“Thy lips that kissed a lover fair,
God wot! but I will kiss them bare!”

The crow perched on that crooked tree,
Nor raised its evil eye frae me.

“Thou horrid, hooded, hoary crow,
Why do ye glower at me so?”

“I look upon thee live,” it said,
“That I may better ken thee dead.”

Corporal JOSEPH LEE,
1/4th Batt. Black Watch.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Androcles and the Lion, and Other Plays." By Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 6s.)
 "Persons and Politics in Transition." By Arthur Baumann. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
 "The Slavs of the War Zone." By W. F. Bailey. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Political and Literary Essays." By Lord Cromer. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Russian Arts." By Rosa Newmarch. (Jenkins. 5s. net.)
 "Joseph Conrad." By Hugh Walpole. (Nisbet. 1s. net.)
 "Philosophers in Trouble." By L. P. Jacks. (Williams & Norgate. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Sailor." By J. C. Snaith. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

BRIEF biographies are a form of literature that does not seem to be rated as highly as it deserves. I am one of those who believe that a biography cannot be too long, provided it is really a biography and not, as Lowell said of Masson's "Life of Milton," a history of a century, "interrupted now and then by an unexpected apparition of Milton, who, like Paul Pry, just pops in and hopes he does not intrude." But in addition to full-dress biographies there is room for short sketches of the lives of famous men, short enough, say, for half-a-dozen of them to be included in a book of moderate size. I have been reminded of the advantages of these brief lives by Mr. J. P. Shawcross's book "The Daily Biographer," published by Messrs. Skeffington. It contains biographies for every day in the year, somewhat after the fashion of Mr. Frederic Harrison's "New Calendar of Great Men," but with the difference that each biography appears under the date on which its subject was born or died. This arrangement presents the difficulty that for some days there is a rush of applicants, while in the absence of more distinguished claimants, Nahum Tate, R. H. Barham, and Michael Kelly are all pressed into Mr. Shawcross's service. Another objection is that Mr. Shawcross only gives himself a single page for each biography, and this is carrying brevity to too great a length. (The last sentence has an Hibernian air, but the figure of speech is sometimes legitimate. If you press the tap labelled "Hot," and cold water emerges, how can you report the state of affairs except by saying: "The hot water is cold"!)

It would be possible to fill President Eliot's famous six-foot shelf with brief English biographies that are well worth reading. My own selection would include Aubrey's "Brief Lives," Izaak Walton's and Bishop Burnet's collections, Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," Hazlitt's "The Spirit of the Age" and Richard Hengist Horne's "New Spirit of the Age," Macaulay's "Biographies," Harriet Martineau's "Biographical Sketches," which originally appeared as obituary notices in the "Times," Thackeray's "English Humorists," Southey's biographies of Nelson and Cowper, Gilfillan's "Gallery of Literary Portraits," Burgo's "Lives of Twelve Good Men," Bagehot's "Biographical Studies," Sir James Stephen's "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," a selection from Leslie Stephen's "Studies of a Biographer," Lord Bryce's "Studies in Contemporary Biography," Sir Sidney Lee's "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," and the second part of Samuel Clark's "Marrow of Ecclesiastical History." This last book may perhaps require explanation. It gives the "Lives of Many Eminent Christians divided into two Books, Whereof the First contains the Lives of Christian Emperors, Kings, and Sovereign Princes: The Second contains the Lives of Christians of Inferior Rank, Printed (very badly) for Robert White and William Wilson in 1650." I may have more to say about it on a future occasion.

AUBREY is the oldest in date of these biographers in little, and in some respects one of the most attractive. His "Brief Lives, Chiefly of Contemporaries," have been admirably edited for the Clarendon Press by Mr. Andrew Clark, and a Memoir of Aubrey, written by John Britton, was

published by the Wiltshire Topographical Society in 1845. But it was a learned Frenchman, the late M. Marcel Schwob, who paid the highest tribute to Aubrey. "I do not write *histories*," says Plutarch, in his account of Alexander, "but I write *Lives*; and a slight circumstance, a jest, a word, is often a truer index to a man's character than accounts of his bloody victories and tremendous conquests." M. Schwob maintains that Aubrey was the first of the moderns who had a proper understanding of the biographer's art:—

"Aubrey never felt the need of establishing any relation between individual details and general ideas. He was satisfied to allow others to show the titles to fame of the personages in whom he took an interest. He does not tell in many cases whether he is writing about a mathematician, a statesman, a poet, or a clock-maker. But each of them has some unique trait which differentiates them for ever from the rest of men. . . . He gives life to an eye, to a nose, to a leg, to the pout or grimace of his models. He is not ignorant of the fact that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood; but he prefers to note that when that great man could not sleep, he used to rise out of his bed and walk about his chamber in his shirt, that he wrote a very bad hand, and that none of the leading physicians in London would give threepence for one of his prescriptions."

THIS curiosity about intimate details and care in recording them give Aubrey a special charm for people who do not despise such trifles. For my own part, I never tire of learning such facts as that Milton pronounced the letter "r" with a marked burr; that Spenser was "a little man who wore his hair short"; that Erasmus "loved not fish, though born in a fish town"; that Fuller "was of middle stature, strong set, curled hair, and a very working head, insomuch that, walking and meditating before dinner, he would eat up a penny loaf, not knowing that he did it"; or that "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother," besides being "the greatest patroness of wit and learning of any lady of her time," had "a pretty sharp-oval face, and her hair was of a reddish-yellow." Or, to quote from the most elaborate of the "Brief Lives," there is a certain amount of satisfaction in knowing that Thomas Hobbes was as peculiar as Herbert Spencer in the care of his health:—

"Besides his daily walking, he did twice or thrice a year play at tennis (at about seventy-five he did it); then went to bed and was well rubbed. This he did believe would make him live two or three years longer.

"He had always books of prick-song lying on his table, which at night, when he was abed, and the doors made fast, and was sure nobody heard him, he sang aloud (not that he had a very good voice) but for his health's sake; he did believe it did his lungs good, and conduced much to prolong his life.

"In his old age he was very bald (which claimed a veneration); yet, within doors, he used to study and sit bare-headed, and said he never took cold in his head, but that the greatest trouble was to keep off the flies from pitching on the baldness."

AMONG the other brief biographies on my list, some, like Walton's "Lives" and Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," are classics familiar to everybody, though I am not certain that Johnson's biographies of the lesser poets are as much read as they deserve. Even the shortest is a pithy and vigorous summary of character. Leslie Stephen's statement that "modern authors would fill as many pages as Johnson has filled lines, with the biographies of some of his heroes," proves how well Johnson understood the art of brief biography. Johnson supplied lives of all whom the publishers included in their collection of British Poets, and he wrote them, he says, "in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work and working with vigor and haste." Scott's "Lives of the Novelists" is the result of a similar publishing enterprise. "They were written," Scott says, "for the purpose of serving as Prefaces to a collection called Ballantyne's 'Novelist's Library,' a work undertaken by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, a person whom no one knew without being desirous to oblige him." And he wrote to Lady Louisa Stuart: "I am delighted they afford any entertainment, for they are rather flimsily written, being done merely to oblige a friend: they are yoked to a great, ill-conditioned, lubberly, double-columned book, which they were as useful to tug along as a set of fleas would be to draw a mail-coach."

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE CHRISTIAN MALGRÉ LUI.

“‘Androcles and the Lion,’ ‘Overruled,’ ‘Pygmalion.’
By BERNARD SHAW. (Constable. 6s.)

RELIGIONS, which begin by being intensely actual to their early believers, tend in time to become so dream-like that only the more alert minds can win them back to reality. They lose not only in practice but in beauty. The words on which they are built cease to be “spirit and life” and become formulas. Institutions arise and take charge of them; the play of the individual mind weakens; all becomes hard, and in the end meaningless, and therefore capable of any kind of perversion in the interests of the State, or property, or convention, or some fixed and formidable association of interests. Thus the good of religion is always being lost to humanity. Then it is that the humanist comes in to play his part and save Christ from the Christians. Luther tears him from the swaddling clothes of ceremonies and re-introduces him to the conscience. Voltaire restores his divine tolerance, Rousseau his simplicity, Fox his spirituality, Blake his hidden appeal; and now Mr. Shaw revives his communism. Jesus having become a God of war, a God of society, a God of the State, a God of everything that is, must rise again as the God of the things that are to be and must be, if his serene spirit is ever to infuse itself into the life of mankind.

Mr. Shaw's gospel, announced in the form of an elaborate preface to the issue of his play, “Androcles and the Lion,” is always that of common-sense, refined by idealism. And the gift of common-sense is that it seeks the true centre of a controversy, and that the accidentals do not concern it. He is most irreverent, though not so irreverent as Mr. Stead, a sincere, if erratic Christian, who always spoke of God as his senior partner (and often acted as if He were the junior member of the establishment) and of himself as a Christ. In this mingled vein of scepticism, self-assertion, and sympathy Mr. Shaw gives the “higher criticism” a fairly wide berth, and accepting the kind of historical Jesus that suits him, endeavors to disentangle him from the conventionalists and restore him as a living force to the world that needs him. He leans more on John's Gospel (accepting the Apostle as its author) and less on Luke (whom he calls the author of the “feminine interest” in the gospels), or the Synoptics than might have been expected. He excludes the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, and thinks with Renan that Christ's later days were clouded with a vision of the Messiahship unknown to his earlier ministry, a Second Coming in glory and earthly kingship. This view seems to us to attribute some things to Jesus that may well be colored by the recorder's belief in the Second Coming, and to ignore the fact that some of the most spiritual things Christ ever said (“My kingdom is not of this world”) belong to the last stages of his life. “He makes no resistance” (to his arrest), says Mr. Shaw, “being persuaded that it is part of his destiny as a God to be murdered and to rise again.” On the contrary, he yields to his captors on his familiar ground of submission to the will of God, irrespective of what that will may bring him. There is no such sudden break in his character as Mr. Shaw postulates; there is no such break in any great soul, nor can we acquit Mr. Shaw of some confusion of thought (an unusual fault) as between an imperfect presentment of the personality of Christ and a real flaw in its texture. That, we may be quite sure, was all of a piece; its essential serenity gleams through the clouds of the Crucifixion as well as in the sunshine of the earlier preachings and the parables. Indeed, it is Mr. Shaw's thesis to maintain this continual witness, and to show that the world as it was then, and is now, was bound to prefer Barabbas to the exponent of the things that belonged to its peace. The Romans and the Jews between them crucified Jesus, not merely because of his claim to Messiahship and divinity, but because their spirit was essentially at enmity with his. This is the practical as well as the critical point of Mr. Shaw's illuminating exercise in pious

irreverence. Christianity must be re-born in the soul of man because it has come to harbor a great imposture. Barabbas, the representative of violence, has “stolen the name of Christ, and taken his cross as a standard.” Our business is, therefore, to re-discover the Christian doctrine, and to apply it, helped by our remorseful feeling that “though we crucified Christ on a stick, he somehow managed to get hold of the right end of it.”

What, therefore, is the Christian doctrine which needs to be reaffirmed for the benefit of this lost world of Christianity? Mr. Shaw's resetting of it is not essentially different from Tolstoy's, save in the particular that it discards the idea of non-resistance. Here, again, it is necessary to discriminate. “Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,” says Mr. Shaw, is “a snivelling modern invention, with no warrant in the Gospels.” Certainly there was no want of incisiveness in the intelligence which warred with self-deceiving Pharisees and muddle-minded Sadducees. But is the world wrong in accepting Jesus (to its own despoite) as the champion of spiritual against physical force? The society of his day had no such preference; Judaic or Roman, it was built on an essentially different plan. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Shaw's presentment falls short of poetic beauty; he has “come to Jesus” for ideas rather than for a Person, and for that reason some of the finest traits escape him. But we need not refuse to consider his summary. Here it is:—

“1. The kingdom of heaven is within you. You are the son of God; and God is the son of man. God is a spirit, to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and not an elderly gentleman to be bribed and begged from. We are members one of another; so that you cannot injure or help your neighbor without injuring or helping yourself. God is your father: you are here to do God's work; and you and your father are one.

“2. Get rid of property by throwing it into the common stock. Disassociate your work entirely from money payments. If you let a child starve you are letting God starve. Get rid of all anxiety about to-morrow's dinner and clothes, because you cannot serve two masters: God and Mammon.

“3. Get rid of judges and punishment and revenge. Love your neighbor as yourself, he being part of yourself. And love your enemies: they are your neighbors.

“4. Get rid of your family entanglements. Every mother you meet is as much your mother as the woman who bore you. Every man you meet is as much your brother as the man she bore after you. Don't waste your time at family funerals grieving for your relatives: attend to life, not to death: there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and better. In the kingdom of heaven, which, as aforesaid, is within you, there is no marriage nor giving in marriage, because you cannot devote your life to two divinities: God and the person you are married to.”

This is rather cavalierly put, but we suspect that this kind of natural Christianity is nearer the current creed of the non-practising Christians, i.e., the people in most Protestant countries and some Catholic ones—than anything they could learn from the churches they never go to. It is “unestablished” Christianity, as against the Christianity which makes wars, organizes Churches, consecrates the divisions in society, and sets up ceremonial or conventional tests of righteousness in place of spiritual ones. Mr. Shaw, indeed, particularizes. He insists on communism. All the shares of the general property must, in the Christian view, be equal, and, we gather, must be made equal by Act of Parliament, even without mankind undergoing the interior change that may be necessary if they are to be kept so. “We shall then,” says Mr. Shaw, “have a race of men who will answer to Jesus's test that where their treasure is there will their hearts be also.” Here, indeed, lies the great impediment. It is money and power that have killed Christianity. But will the act of redistributing money and power be undertaken by a society that is not previously convicted of the sin of mal-distribution, or the Christian peace instituted save by men and women who are utterly disillusioned about war, and have a definite vision of a society that means to do without it? Will quarrelsome people ever get rid of judges and the idea of revenge in punishment? And selfish narrow-minded ones ever think seriously of the world that lies beyond the household door? Here is the point in which Mr. Shaw's exposition of popular Christianity falls short. It is not enough to reduce the Gospel to a programme, and to prove that Christ is a good economist and biologist. He must be a tremendous Evangelist, a great hunter of men. Religion, if it is anything, is an immense ferment of the

soul, which expresses itself in an imperative need for an exterior life in harmony with the new-springing fountain of life within. It is not enough to say that the author of this impulse to new living was a wise, genial, attractive, sympathetic personality, who sometimes got lost in the intricacies of his personal relationship with God. The magic, the persuasiveness, the "sweet reasonableness," the "method and secret" of Jesus—whatever name we give to his subduing and reconciling charm—is not here; nor, we may remark in parenthesis, is St. Paul's contribution to Christianity confined, as Mr. Shaw insists, to the formulation of original sin, with the resulting damnation of the human race as a preliminary to their salvation through the Atonement. Jesus must live in the imagination as well as in the reason if Christianity is to survive; it is the *Elan Vital* that makes the world go round, not an assemblage of sane propositions. That is one reason why the world will not go back to Pauline Evangelicalism, yoked to the cruel logic of Calvin. It will go forward, we hope, to Goethe's "Social Christianity," as the result of having found (like another Prodigal Son) the doctrine of the world a harder yoke for it than the doctrine of Christ.

THE TERCENTENARY.

'A Book of Homage to Shakespeare.' Edited by ISRAEL GOLLANCZ. (Oxford University Press. 21s. net.)

"WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones?" Apparently, a mausoleum not unlike the Albert Memorial! Indeed, there is something about this Book of Homage which tempts us to unleash the dogs of criticism at it. Why not? Here is a book, born not out of a single mind working under the average difficulties of authorship, but of a stately committee, with one of the most eminent scholars as its secretary, with every advantage of approach and resources to draw the four corners of the world together into its net, with the armour of three hundred years' commentary and analysis on its back, with a quasi-official hallmark, with a constellation of names within its pages, and with the Teutonic blindworms excluded from it! Does not such a "star-y-pointing pyramid," riding so ponderously upon poor Shakespeare's dust, demand the most stringent measuring-rod? Our debt to the dear Son of Memory requires it.

Professor Boas, one of the pilgrims to the shrine, calls Shakespeare *naturaliter Oxoniensis*. Thus the whirligig of time. . . . We can imagine what Oxford would have said to the vagabond player in 1600, Oxford which produced the first Oxford edition of the plays in 1744. Nowadays Shakespeare is of impeccable respectability, so much so that this portentous book of homage, with its anthology of contemporary appreciation, reminds us of those "Annals" and keepsake books of the 'forties, which, under such titles as "The Forget-Me-Not," and under the auspices of duchesses, collected the worst prose and verse the age could produce. The first folio of the plays is, indeed, one of the worst-printed books of even the seventeenth century; but is that any excuse for a firm of such high traditions as the Oxford University Press to evolve this unwieldy quarto, with its pseudo-vellum putty-colored cover and a hideous laurel-wreath, superadded upon Shakespeare's crest, stamped upon it? Surely, with the reaction against the shoddiness of modern printing and book-production well developed, the Oxford Press could have done better than this.

So far, we are only upon the frontier. Let us penetrate it and see how all these distinguished poets, men of letters, scholars, and critics acquit themselves. What strikes us immediately is the repetition of the habitual "universality" idea of Shakespeare's genius. The pyramid, indeed, becomes a hotel, in which the great pass a few hours and deposit the recognized sovereign into the porter's mechanically-receptive palm. The poems are, of course, full of "our common heritage," "the voice of England," the "myriad-minded one," and so forth. It is too much to expect anything else of short, officially commemorative verses. But surely the prose might have struck out of this dusty highway. But no. There is Professor Moulton, who tells us that Shakespeare is "the central point in world-literature"; another, who eagerly remarks upon the

"paradox" that our "greatest dramatist should also be our greatest poet"; another, who positively affirms that his "psychology is unerring," that his genius has created "the language of humanity," and that he is "the great architect in the guild of letters," of which our only comment is that he has found himself in the wrong guild.

A more exasperating symptom is the attempt to connect Shakespeare either with our Imperial destinies or the present war. This tendency reminds us of Browning's comment upon a worthy and energetic sermon he once heard:—

"And yet, and yet, ten times over,
Pharaoh received no demonstration,
From the baker's dream of baskets three,
Of the doctrine of the Trinity."

Cardinal Gasquet combines Shakespeare's patriotism with his bias towards the Catholic clergy. Mr. Lionel Cust writes of "the most complete Englishman, not only of the Elizabethan period, but of our own England, and our own Empire, and our relations in the United States of America." A Greek professor gives us a Platonic dialogue between Glaukon and Tauredos at Athens about the Kaiser, Zeppelins, and Shakespeare, thereby, we expect, making Aristotle, Dryden, and other champions of the Unities turn in their graves. Another somehow or other correlates Shakespeare with the "outrage of the assassin's thrust." He is closely followed by an Arabic imprecation upon Krupp, and later by Mr. George Young, of the Portuguese embassy, who suggests that Germany, instead of attacking Shakespeare's England, should be at the throat of the Turk. An eminent Russian stretches the "universality" point to the extent of declaring that "Shakespeare is the primordial creator and inspirer of the British Empire!" We are surprised that it has not occurred to any of the contributors to discover Caliban as Shakespeare's intuition of the Kaiser.

Another quarrel we have with the Book of Homage is the too frequent occurrence of bad, perverse, or doubtful criticism. The Rev. William Barry, for instance, tells us that Elizabethan Drama "rose," in virtue of its "religious background," "out of the mystery and morality plays"—the secular and Italianate theatre of the English Renaissance! Mrs. Meynell, who writes an essay on the "Heroines," with all her customary grace and mastery, overstates Shakespeare's preoccupation with chastity. Mr. Gosse's remark that "the perfection of dramatic song scarcely survives Shakespeare" will not bear close analysis, when we consider that Waller and Denham, pioneers of the new classicism, wrote prefatory poems to the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, published in 1647. Mrs. Stopes writes a poem in which Shakespeare appears more as a kinsman of Amadis of Gaul rather than the playwright of the Globe, a paladin of virtue rather than art. Mr. Morton Luce repeats his theory (elaborated in "Shakespeare: the Man and His Work") that Shakespeare was "a God-fearing Christian." He actually takes "Venus and Adonis" as his example, which, he says, by "pointing to the contrast between love and lust," throws Shakespeare on to the side of the angels. As that same contrast is the commonest motive in all non-devotional Renaissance poetry, the morality of that period must have been unexceptionable. The instances of indifferent criticism are hardly interesting enough to cite; but we cannot refrain from quoting the—well, slightly discursive—appreciation of a native of South Africa. He is speaking of his betrothal:—

"Some of the daily epistles were rather lengthy, for I usually started with the bare intention of expressing the affections of my heart, but generally finished up by completely unburdening my soul. For command of language and giving expression to abstract ideas, the success of my efforts was second only to that of my wife's, and it is easy to divine that Shakespeare's poems fed our thoughts. It may be depended upon that we both read 'Romeo and Juliet.' My people resented the idea of my marrying a girl who spoke a language which, like the Hottentot language, had clicks in it; while her people likewise abominated the idea of giving their daughter in marriage to a fellow who spoke a language so imperfect as to be without any clicks. But the civilized laws of Cape Colony saved us from a double tragedy in a cemetery, and our erstwhile objecting relatives have lived to award their benediction to the growth of our Chuana-M'Bo family, which is bilingual both in the vernaculars and in European languages."

We wonder which Shakespeare would have preferred—the language with clicks in it or the one without?

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interesting, and even original criticism in this indigestible farrago. But the conditions under which such a volume must be hampered give a sterile, a mechanical element even to the most valuable work. Many of the greatest Shakespearean authorities begin their essays (quite properly) with that portion of Shakespearean investigation with which they are most familiar. But an expert, like a thoroughbred hunter, must have plenty of room in which to exercise himself, and time and again the exigencies of space pull him up, before he can stretch his mind beyond the five-hundredth or thousandth word. Mr. W. J. Lawrence, whose book, "The Elizabethan Playhouse," is the greatest of its kind in the language, seems to recognize these limitations, when he gives us little more than a summary of his published researches into the function of the "gatherers" (the part-doorkeepers, part-supers, who collected the money from the audience during the performance and left the doors unguarded for "rufflers" to force their way in during the third or fourth acts without payment). Mr. Pollard, again one of the princes of bibliography, merely tickles our appetites with *hors d'œuvres*. Others are forced, under the same disabilities, to confine themselves to minutiae (such as Miss Wotton's account of the second Mermaid Tavern in Aldersgate). With others we feel that when the request to contribute arrived, they must have soliloquized: "What on earth am I to write about?" Perhaps M. Sienkiewicz felt like that when he wrote:—"When I read the 'Tempest,' I find myself thinking that some contemporary Barnum ought to go and seek out Caliban and show him to the world for money." In spite of this, we can pick out a few short articles, which are not unworthy tributes to the great heir of Fame. Of these, Dr. Hadow on the English madrigal, Sir Sidney Colvin on the Flemish tapestries, from one of which it is possible Shakespeare described the siege of Troy in "Lucrece"; Mr. J. M. Robertson, vindicating Lamb's famous dogma that Shakespeare is better read than acted; Professor Ker on Shakespeare, Cervantes, and the Pastoral, Professor A. C. Bradley's revealing critique of Feste the clown and Mr. W. J. M. Starkie on Shakespeare's varied use of wit and humor—are, perhaps, the best.

Unquestionably, the pick of these multifarious appreciations come from the Frenchmen—particularly MM. Bergson, Legouis, Rolland, and Jusserand. The last—that incomparable critic, the only one now living who can properly be called a genius, and who can carry a weight of learning with extraordinary ease and buoyancy, the only one who is a genuine master of allusion—is, perhaps, not quite at his best in "Shakespeare et la foule bigarrée du Globe." But he is Jusserand. The poetry, with the exception of Mr. Hardy, Professor Santayana, and M. de Regnier, is—well, like jubilee poetry. When we think of what the dedicatory poem used to be and what it is now, we despair of the survival of a characteristic efflorescence of the English poetic genius. As a whole, indeed, the "Book of Homage" is a failure, as it was almost foredoomed to be. What can one expect but a sense of dismal formality in a book which reminds us of a speech-day in a public school, when the prominent prize-winners deliver set orations in cap and gown, before a discreetly admiring audience?

PROFESSOR PIGOU ON WAR FINANCE.

"The Economy and Finance of the War." By Professor A. C. PIGOU. (Dent. 1s. net.)

THE fact that our gigantic war-bills are somehow met has reduced the nation to a perilous condition of acquiescence in the evergrowing demands made upon its purse by the General Staff. It seemed impossible that we could produce so much money for the war when our earning capacity was being reduced by the removal of millions of men from productive into destructive services. Because this seeming impossible has been so far accomplished, it appears to many that there are no limits to the process. This erroneous notion is largely due to over-attention to the monetary figures in which the costs of war are conveyed. In order to realize the real costs, and so to comprehend our power to bear them, we must look below these figures to the facts which they import. Now, this is not an altogether easy matter, and readers may be glad to summon to their aid the services

which Professor Pigou, of Cambridge, has just offered in this little volume. After exposing certain fallacies to which the rise of prices and some duplication of accounts have contributed, he fastens himself upon the real economic meaning of the term "costs of war," as signifying the net economic loss or damage to the community caused by making the various provisions for the war. "The real costs of the war to the nation consist, not in the things that are actually absorbed in the war, but in the things—including the leisure of some of its workpeople—which the community has to do without in order that these things may be provided." Now, these costs of deprivation, as we may term them, large though they are, are not so large as the mere money presentment of the account makes them appear. The great item, of course, is the removal from ordinary industry of the millions of men transferred to the fighting services and to munitions. The services which they would have rendered to industry if they had not been so transferred, signify at first sight a *pro tanto* reduction of peace products available for consumption. But this is not all. The soldiers require, not only munitions, but large quantities of transport services by sea and land, extra equipment of food and clothing, and many other articles, and large provision of medical and surgical aids, material and human. Again, we are furnishing many of these war requisites, not only for our own men, but for those of our Allies.

If we really have to get along with a real income reduced by these huge items, it seems incredible that we should be living so comfortably as we do. But, of course, our real current income is not reduced by the whole amount. Far from it. There are several big considerations to qualify the pressure of this cost. In the first place, a large proportion of the enlisted men would not, had the war not taken place, have been engaged in producing material wealth. The cessation of emigration has kept perhaps half a million men in this country who would have gone abroad. A very large number have been drawn from the professions, wholesale and retail commerce, and from other occupations, which, though useful, were capable of giving up a large proportion of their members without causing any serious reduction of goods and services. Students and members of the leisured classes may be added to this account. No doubt some considerable reduction of professional and commercial service has taken place, but not so as to constitute a serious damage of the war. Even more important is the filling of the places of the transferred men by a readjustment of the whole industrial population, the "dilution" of labor, the working of overtime, the absorption of the unemployed, the taking in of women and children. Speeding up and overtime, though, as Professor Pigou recognizes, they may contain real costs, go a good way towards diminishing the loss of material goods occasioned by the withdrawal of men for the Army.

A third large compensation is the conversion of what in ordinary times would have been new industrial capital into war requisites, and a considerable letting down of industrial plant for the same present use of war. Lastly, there is the large contribution of goods, munitions, &c., from America, purchased either by the sale of securities or by credit-liens upon our future wealth. In all these ways the present pressure upon our non-combatant population is alleviated.

But the costs are heavy and are growing. Practically all the "slack" or "waste" has already been taken up. If the Army authorities are allowed to encroach further on the national resources, there may easily occur a cracking-up of some of our essential industries. The loss of three million men may be easily borne, but that of four millions may be intolerable in the literal sense that the economic supports may have been withdrawn.

Much, of course, depends upon the methods by which the money for the war is raised. For these methods greatly affect the real costs. On this topic Professor Pigou has some plain and exceedingly important things to say. Recognizing that, so far as the war is a struggle of economic endurance, our chief advantage consists in our great holdings of saleable securities, he is concerned for the preservation of this strategical reserve, and holds that "it is not right, except under the stress of great necessity, that they should use either the gold or the securities to correct the foreign exchanges." In other words, we ought to exercise

The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury have been consulted under the notification of the 18th January, 1915, and raise no objection to this issue.

The List for Cash Applications will be closed on the 5th June, 1916, and for Conversion Applications on the 10th June, 1916.



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The Principal will be repayable at par on the 15th of June, 1920. Interest and Principal will be payable at the Office of the Crown Agents for the Colonies, London.

CASH APPLICATIONS must be accompanied by a

deposit of £5 per cent. on the nominal amount, and will be received at the Offices of the Crown Agents for the Colonies, No. 4, Millbank, S.W., and No. 1, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C. The list will be closed on or before **Monday, the 5th June, 1916.**

In case of partial allotment, the balance of the amount paid on deposit will be applied towards the payment of the first instalment. If there should be a surplus after making that payment such surplus will be refunded by cheque.

Applications may be for the whole or any part of the issue, and no allotment will be made of a less amount than £100 or multiples thereof.

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Payments may be made in full under discount of 4 per cent. per annum on the 20th day of June, or any subsequent date prior to the 4th of September, 1916.

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Forms of Application, and a Statistical Statement relative to the Revenue, Expenditure, and Trade of Nigeria from 1907 to 1914, inclusive, may be obtained by applying at the Offices of the Crown Agents for the Colonies, No. 4, Millbank, S.W., and of No. 1, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.; and those of Messrs. MULLEN, MARSHALL & Co., 13, George Street, Mansion House, E.C., and of Messrs. J. and A. SCRAMGEUR, Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, E.C.; and at the Bank of British West Africa, Limited, 17/18, Leadenhall Street, E.C., and West Africa House, 25, Water Street, Liverpool.

Office of the Crown Agents for the Colonies,

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1st June, 1916.

W.13.

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Date 1916.

Cheques should be drawn to Bearer and crossed Bank of England. If the Allotment Letter is required to be forwarded to other than the applicant, it should be stated.

N.B.—Applications must be for even hundreds of Bonds, and must be accompanied by the amount of Deposit thereon, and the Application must be enclosed in an envelope, marked outside "Application for Nigeria Government Loan."

a far more rigorous economy of imports and make more strenuous exertions to increase our export trade. Whether the Government raises the funds it needs by taxation or by borrowing, as much as possible should be got by reducing current expenditure, and as little as possible by reducing savings or by the sale of securities. For, whereas the former process throws the burden of sacrifice upon the present, the latter processes impair our power of recovery after the war. The question, therefore, of tax *versus* loan turns chiefly on the source from which the money is obtained. Whether taxes or loans are used, it is of prime importance that the burden of war costs should be put upon the rich. The common notion, that the best way of paying for the war is by a proportionate increase of the taxation borne in peacetime by the various classes, is repudiated by Professor Pigou as economically unsound. For, notwithstanding the high money wages earned by many grades of workers in war-time, the general effect of the war must be to leave the poorer classes afterwards in a relatively weaker position. The high rate of interest to be paid afterwards, not only upon War Loans, but for ordinary industrial capital, will give the well-to-do classes a larger lien upon the current production of wealth. As general prices fall from their war-level, the interest on War Loans will grow in the power of purchase which it represents. If prices fall one-third, the four-and-a-half sovereigns annually paid on £100 War Loan will buy one-third more commodities. "Thus the rich stand to gain largely as an indirect result of the war. On the other hand, the poor stand to lose." If to this evil is added the subtle poison of inflation, always more injurious to the poor than to the rich, the post-war period will find our working classes in a relatively feeble position to bear taxation than before. It has sometimes been argued that it makes no difference whether the money taken from the rich for the war is taken in the shape of taxes or of loans, provided that after the war the loan-interest is raised by taxation also imposed upon the wealthy. But Professor Pigou has an acute and important criticism upon this view. "The expectations of a regular tax of fifteen shillings in the pound on incomes over £5,000 would go far to prevent people from bringing such incomes into existence," *i.e.*, would injure industry by checking saving, investment, and business enterprise. "But the objection is *not* valid as regards special taxes levied on an exceptional occasion for the purpose of financing an unprecedented war," for no one will permanently injure his income-producing capacity, or withhold the use, in order to avoid a passing pressure of taxation which he may be called upon to bear.

We strongly commend to the attention of the Treasury authorities the clearly-reasoned psychology of Professor Pigou's demand for more taxation and less borrowing, thus summarized: "The ratio in which the war is financed with money borrowed from people with large incomes should be much diminished, and the ratio in which it is financed with money collected from them under some form of progressive taxation should be much increased."

ODD COMPANY.

- "Corner Island." By JOHN OXENHAM. (Methuen. 2s. net.)
 "The Bywonner." By F. E. MILLS YOUNG. (Lane. 6s.)
 "Contrary Mary." By TEMPLE BAILEY. (Duckworth. 6s.)
 "One of our Grandmothers." By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

ONE hardly knows what standards of criticism to apply to Mr. Oxenham—or rather what are the qualities which appeal so invariably and instantaneously to the public. Is it the ingenuity of his situations, or the "raciness" of his style, or the "brightness" of his incidents, or is it simply his treatment of any and every subject without humor but frivolously, without seriousness but sensationally, without training but conventionally? It is for the public to ask themselves that question. "Corner Island" describes how a party of financiers is wrecked on a remote island in the Hebrides. Vanderbyl, the American plutocrat, corners the food-supplies; his brother-financiers corner the island; and their solicitor, as a final and triumphant exhibition of their

natural instincts, corners the ship that comes to take them off. Incidentally, they all wrangle in terms of shares and concessions over a treasure exhumed from the bottom of the bay from a Spanish galleon. The whole point of Mr. Oxenham's book is not his treatment of the episode, but his invention of it. That treatment is burlesque, and none too alert and skilful burlesque at that. But surely, in a theme of such psychological and satirical possibilities, it is not the improbable accident that matters, but the way it is shaped, cozened, and manoeuvred to the author's purpose. It seems an extraordinary lack of insight to mistake so palpably the means for the end.

A "bywonner," in extra-South African speech, is a worker whose career has failed. Ransom, the failure, has two children, Tom and Adela, more ambitious than their father to make a success of life. Stephens, a plausible seducer, ruins Adela, and, when he repudiates her, is the indirect cause of her death. He manages to engage himself to May Richardson, the daughter of a rich farmer; but she does not take long to strip him of his pretences, and to repudiate him in his turn for the honest and hard-working Tom. That is a bald enough summary, but the novel itself does not demand very much more than a summary. It is the retribution of so many novels—the flesh comes away so fatally easily from the bones. But, in spite of the fact that "The Bywonner" has such innumerable brethren, it is in a way better than the average South African novel. Not in its architecture or its characterization or its style or its verisimilitude, but, for want of an apter term, its good feeling. Good feeling cannot legitimately be called an artistic virtue, and so has little to do with the critic. But, in the contemporary novel, which deviates so seldom from the average, and to which the application of artistic criteria is simply irrelevant, good feeling is a considerable asset. However ill-made, it makes a novel readable (we are applying only relative standards), and even natural; it checks the novelist from committing the excesses of bathos, sentimentalism, crudeness, and unreality. And Miss Mills Young does possess that indispensable quality which is so much better than the conventional attitude of the mere mechanic and inferior to artistic sincerity and taste.

No such scruples deter the author of "Contrary Mary." Like the bear, it dives, with an appalling lack of any ulterior consciousness, head and shoulders into the honeycomb. It is an example of American sentimentalism at its most adhesive:—

"Wide open and illumined, lay John Ballard's old Bible, and, across the pages, fresh and fragrant as the friendship which she had given him, was the rose which Mary had picked in the garden."

Yes, it is that kind of novel. Mary, an embodied garden (of geraniums, ferns, and aspidistras), is the shining star of Roger Poole, who, having divorced his wife (whom he had married out of sheer courtesy) at her own request—she being in love with the local doctor—conceives himself to be an outcast, entirely unworthy of work and companionship. He becomes Mary's lodger, and, perceiving an enviable chance of varying his rôle from that of the forlorn Ahasuerus to that of the heroic savior of his people (he is a kind of lay preacher), he takes to work again. And Mary, struck by this tremendous fortitude consents to share a glucose matrimony with him. Let us leave them to their saccharine happiness ever after.

Miss Mayne tells the story of a Mid-Victorian girl, Millicent North, seeking the difficult path of self-expression, in the days when it was as heinous for women as smoking cigarettes. Millicent never really gets over the humiliation of her discovery that Captain Headley is not a lover but a gay deceiver, too much of a gay deceiver for our credibility. Her affair with Philip Maryon, though she ultimately marries him, never disentangles itself from hesitation, dissatisfaction, and incommunion. Philip is rather a blockhead, and Millicent—well, is enigmatic rather as Miss Mayne makes her, than she is naturally. Miss Mayne is an able psychologist, even when she is liable to waste her subtleties upon too scanty a material—to create them, instead

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The following are the principal features shown in the 17th Quinquennial Investigation Report of

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A most stringent method of valuation was adopted, and full provision made for any depreciation.	A further strengthening of Reserves by over £150,000 has been effected.	The rate of interest has risen from 24 8s. 1d. per cent. in 1914 to £4 12s. 5d. per cent. in 1915.

BALANCE.

In addition to above provisions, the large balance of £800,000 is disclosed. This is carried forward to the next investigation (to be held as soon as practicable after peace is established). The Profit Sharing period is kept open from 1910 till such investigation.

In view of these very satisfactory features, viz., the great strength of the Company, the favourable rate of interest, and the large balance carried forward, which will help materially to provide a fund for future distribution, Policy Holders have reason to feel highly gratified with the results shown, and persons contemplating assurance have every inducement to join The Standard at the present time.

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SCHOLARSHIPS.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

An Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 14 and over 12 on June 1st, 1916, will be held on June 13th and following days. Further information can be obtained from the Head Master, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

MILL-HILL SCHOOL, N.W.

Several ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be awarded in competition at an Examination, to be held on June 22nd and two following days, if candidates of sufficient merit present themselves. The Governors have power to increase the Scholarships if they consider the circumstances of successful candidates render this necessary. Applications should be made to the Bursar.

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The NEXT EXAMINATION for FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS will take place on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, July 4th, 5th, and 6th. These Scholarships exempt the holders from payment of Tuition Fees. Application should be made to the High Mistress, at the School. The last day for the registration of candidates will be Monday, June 28th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW PORTRAITS BY W. ROTHENSTEIN.—EXHIBITION
DRAWINGS of the following:—Sir Ian Hamilton, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, BERNARD SHAW, H. G. WELLS, COLONEL REPINGTON, Sir Henry Newbolt, MAX BEERBOHM, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Edward Carpenter, Emile Vernevalde, Sir R. Tagore, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Bridges, and others. Open 10-6, Sat. 10-1, at THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE.

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of allowing them to develop under the pressure of events. What we feel about Millicent is that she is not so much a compound of warring impulses, seeking reconciliation and a purpose in life—as rather futile. There is, indeed, something a little artificial in Miss Mayne's methods of analysis—or perhaps it is that her style is too self-conscious and not enough self-confident to be the vehement, firm, and elastic instrument of her psychological aim. As it is, "One of Our Grandmothers" never gets beyond the embryo stage in the coherent presentment of an idea.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Missionary Spirit and the Present Opportunity."
Swarthmore Lecture, 1916. By HENRY T. HODGKIN.
(Headley. 1s. net.)

THE Quaker body is small; but its utterances carry a weight out of proportion to its numbers, because its members have no denominational axe to grind. They are not proselytizers:—

"It is not that I want to see people crowding into the Society of Friends. I question whether our organization or methods would be adapted to it, and I have the gravest fear of the so-called prestige that comes with large numbers. I do care, however, very greatly that men and women should come into the rich discovery of God and of their fellow-men that shall fill them with the missionary spirit."

Its vital element, Mr. Hodgkin believes, is the consciousness of this twofold discovery; which, because no isolated experience is adequate, must be renewed again and again. And he warns those who desire it against "the undervaluing of the intellectual side, with the consequent disregard of education as a preparation for spiritual leadership"; and against exclusiveness. "When Friends began to care more for the purity of Quakerism than for the conversion of the world, their chance of universal service was thrown away, and they degenerated into a mere sect." The Churches which are now preparing for the National Mission of Hope and Repentance have need of the reminder; and it could be wished that this Swarthmore Lecture were placed in their leaders' hands.

* * *

"A King's Favorite: Madame du Barry and Her Times."
By CLAUDE SAINT-ANDRÉ. (Herbert Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

M. SAINT-ANDRÉ's book is based on unpublished documents in addition to the evidence collected by Vatel, and its purpose is to clear Madame du Barry's memory from the calumnies of Choiseul and his party, as well as the later libels that sprang into existence during the Revolution. He makes it clear that so far from being the vulgar, ignorant, and almost obscene woman of popular tradition, she was not without a certain amount of dignity, some interest in literature and art—her library contained a copy of Pascal's "Pensées" alongside a treatise on the art of making-up the complexion, and one of her early acts after her disgrace was to pay a visit to Voltaire. She was, moreover, good-humored, good-natured, and humane, and Mirabeau records that, unlike other royal favorites, "she never issued *lettres de cachet* against those who slandered her virtue." M. Saint-André gives a full account of Madame du Barry's retirement at Louveciennes and of her life under the Revolution. He considers her guilty of the charge of conspiracy against the Revolution, for which she was condemned, and his examination of the trial leads to the belief that the mysterious robbery of her diamonds and her association with Forth were both episodes in that conspiracy.

The Week in the City.

THE rising Markets of ten days ago have been followed by irregularity and reduced business rather than by any marked decline. Peace, perhaps, is more talked about, as most of the wisecracks have some story to back their hopes and speculations. Shipping shares have been a special feature owing to the enormous profits of most of the companies. But Home Railway Stocks, and especially the Preferences, are still great favorites. The issue of £4,425,000 Five per Cent. Four-Year Bonds by the Crown Agents on behalf of Nigeria is not new money, as it is raised solely to redeem the outstanding Four per Cent. Bonds, which fall due on September 15th. It is a pity that there are not yet enough rich merchants in Nigeria to raise a loan there like the one recently raised in the Malay States. To investors generally the most interesting of recent events is Mr. McKenna's extra income-tax of 2s. on American dollar securities. There is really not much hardship in this, as American stocks and bonds are mostly standing at high prices, and are quite as likely to fall as to rise after the war, while the equivalent home securities are unduly depreciated, and will certainly recover gradually in the years to come if only we can get the war over before general ruin supervenes. There has been some improvement also in Argentine Railways, as the Stock Exchange seems to think that the Treasury may before long propose to buy them in order to maintain the exchanges. Thursday's Bank Return presents no feature of special interest. The chaos in China has, I hear, practically suspended Lancashire's trade with that country.

SHIPPING SHARES.

The great prosperity of shipping companies, one or two of whose reports I have recently summarized in this column, has brought about an increase in the demand for shipping shares on the Stock Exchange. The following list of profits and ordinary dividends of five companies whose reports have appeared during the last two months shows that a certain amount of optimism is justified:—

	1913.	1914.	1915.
	£	£	£
Oceanic Steamship Navigation (White Star Line)	1,121,268 (65%)	887,548 (35%)	1,968,285 (65%)
Royal Mail	436,470 (6%)	98,232 (nil)	808,731 (6%)
Frederick Leyland	517,290 (nil)	551,637 (nil)	1,441,890 (24%)
Cunard	853,374 (10%)	1,003,553 (20%)	1,347,351 (20%)
Booth Steamship	29,859 (nil)	38,190 (10%)	179,060 (10%)

In every case the opportunity has been taken to strengthen the reserves rather than to pay large dividends. Frederick Leyland's dividend is really 10 per cent., with a bonus equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., for each year since 1901, when the last dividend was paid. How prices have moved recently can be seen from the following table:—

	July 27, 1914.	Mar. 9, 1916.	June 1, 1916.	Rise.	Present Yield.
Cunard	13	34	44	3	47-16
Furness Withy	15-16	14	24	8	4
Fredk. Leyland (5% Pref.)	8	71-16	81-16	1	63-16
P. & O. Deferred	280	276	326	50	415-16
Royal Mail	87½	101	111½	10½	54

In every case prices are well above those ruling just before the war, Cunard shares showing an exceptional rise. Shipowners are likely to prosper so long as the great shortage of tonnage continues. What will take place after the war, when Germany's mercantile marine is released, and the ships now in Government service return to ordinary trade it is impossible to say.

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